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Crime and Criminals, 1837-1887.

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THE Jubilee year has suggested a great deal of national stock-taking, and in nothing is our progress more remarkable than in regard to our mode of dealing with Crime and Criminals.

Nearly up to the commencement of Her Majesty's reign no great general advance had been made from the old brutal methods of severe repression, in which the criminal was looked on as worth but little more consideration than a wild beast; the notion that while punishment was necessary, it was possible that the criminal might perhaps more effectually be led rather than driven into better ways, had not been practically and generally accepted. Certainly there does not seem to have been any recognition of the view that any excess in the amount of punishment inflicted was no more justifiable than it would be if a surgeon were to amputate an arm when the removal of a finger would suffice. Still less acceptance had been found for the idea that by timely care the offender might have been prevented from becoming a criminal at all, and that in fact the right of punishing did not arise unless the duty of prevention had been fulfilled.

A short account of the change since fifty years ago will show how much more wholesome is the tone now prevailing on these subjects. The steps by which the progress has been effected cannot be recounted here, but they show that on first waking up to the necessity of improving our practice we passed through a period in which we were in danger of succumbing to a senti-

mental and spurious "humanity," so called, but at length settled down into a system in which penal and reformatory influences hold their proper positions, so that the objects are effected with the minimum of suffering, and in a manner which is much less burdensome in a pecuniary sense than any which has preceded it.

In measuring our progress in this or any other matter, it is of course first necessary to have a clear conception of the England of 1837 as contrasted with the England of 1887 in those two important elements which form the foundation of comparisons—viz. population and wealth. In the year 1837 the population of England and Wales was 15,103,778; in this year, 1887, it is 27,870,586; roughly speaking, the population has nearly doubled. If crime and criminals had nearly doubled, therefore, our social condition would be so far no worse than in the beginning of the reign. As regards wealth, it is obvious that the development of criminal tendencies must bear some relation to the temptations to crime. The well-known *vacuus viator* has no fear of the highwayman. The comparative attraction offered by a rich and a poor country to the intelligent criminal, is illustrated by the small proportion of crimes in Ireland (other than those of violence or of agrarian origin), taken in conjunction with the very large proportion of the crimes in England which are committed by persons of Irish origin, which shows that Irish criminals swarm over to wealthy England like vultures to the carcass, and leave their own poor country comparatively free from thieves and robbers.

It may be observed, by the way, that one consideration on the question of Home Rule as affecting England, which has never been properly developed, is the effect it might have, either in keeping such criminals at home, by increasing the prosperity of Ireland, or in still further diminishing that prosperity, and so driving still more of its criminals to this country.

It is sometimes supposed that crime is occasioned by poverty. Without saying that there is no foundation for the doctrine that a person in distress is apt to help himself unlawfully to his neighbour's goods, I must express my own opinion that crime may more correctly be attributed not to poverty—for some poor populations furnish very few criminals—but to idleness, and a desire to acquire the comforts and luxuries of life more rapidly than they can be obtained by honest labour. However this may be, it is certain that such inducements to

crime as arise from poverty are much less now than at the commencement of Her Majesty's reign, when distress was very wide-spread, for the great bulk of the community are far better off, wages having increased 50 or 60 per cent., and articles of necessity and luxury having become much cheaper. Measuring the wealth of the country by the property liable to income-tax, it is estimated that in 1837 the annual income of the United Kingdom was 270 millions, and that in 1887 it is 630 millions, so that the wealth per head of population has increased by 70 per cent. The exports and imports have increased from 124 millions to 645 millions.

From the point of view, then, of the amount of plunder to tempt the criminal, as well as from that of population, the amount of crime might be absolutely much larger than fifty years ago, without making property or life any less secure than it was then.

It so happens that the beginning of Her Majesty's reign coincides pretty closely with certain important epochs in our mode of checking crime.

Anybody who possesses an old edition of Watts' hymns may see at the head of the hymn "Against Idleness," the picture of the father taking his little son out for a walk, and pointing his warning moral by showing him the gibbet bearing the malefactor hung in chains. In the days when hanging was the common sentence for felony, this clearly must have been a common object in the landscape, and the number of "gallows" hills to be found in various parts of the country serves to keep this condition of affairs in remembrance.

By the time Her Majesty came to the throne this punishment was not carried into effect for ordinary felonies so often as formerly; but it still tarnished the statute books, and the sentence of death was passed, if not inflicted, for it was not till 1861 that capital punishment was limited to the crimes of murder and treason. In the year 1836, 493 prisoners were sentenced to be hung, and 740 transported for life; 17 were actually executed. In 1837 there were 438 sentences of death, 8 executions, and 636 sentences for life. In the following year, 1838, the death sentences dropped to 116, and the year after to 56, life sentences being 266, or less than half what they were before. In order to fairly compare the two periods, we should take into account the fact that we now retain all our criminals at home, whereas then a large part were sent to Australia, and,

if they did not mend their ways, they met their fate out there. We ought, therefore, to add to the executions at home, say, on an average, 10, those among the transported prisoners out there, and it appears that in New South Wales alone they averaged 26 per annum, and perhaps the executions in the other penal colonies might bring the number to 46 per annum in England and the penal colonies together. During the last five years ending in 1886, the average number of death sentences has been only 29, executions 14, and the life sentences only 9, among a population nearly double.

One somewhat remarkable change in the law of executions was a direct consequence of Her Majesty's accession. It had been formerly the practice for the King in Council to sign all warrants for carrying out sentences of death passed within the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court. Within a month of her accession, the Queen was by statute relieved of this painful duty, and she has, I believe, only once been called on to perform it, namely in the case of a prisoner in the Isle of Man, in which dominion a law to relieve the Sovereign of the duty had not at the time been passed.

In 1868 a very material change was made by the law which directed that executions should henceforth be in private, in order to put an end to the brutalising scenes which took place, when crowds of the scum of the population assembled under the walls of Newgate, countenanced by the "Lord Tomnoddy," who had paid high prices for a room or a window overlooking the gallows, to see the wretched criminals "turned off" amidst the hoots or cheers of the mob.

At the commencement of the reign the system of transportation was in full vigour. In 1837, 3785 persons were sentenced to it, and 4068 were actually sent to Australia in that year. It was in 1836 that Sir William Molesworth's Committee on Transportation made its report, which, supported by the strong opposition to transportation, which had developed in the Colonies themselves, in effect gave the death-blow to the system, though it did not receive the *coup de grâce* until the gold discoveries in Australia, in 1851, made removal to those colonies an object to be strongly desired, and transportation, therefore, rather a boon than a punishment. The number transported was greatly diminished from 1853, but the system lingered on until it finally ceased altogether in 1867, when a last consignment of 451 persons were sent to Western Australia.



Transportation has been replaced by "penal servitude" in prisons at home, and to compare with the 3785 sentences of transportation, we had in 1886, among double the population, only 910 persons sentenced to penal servitude, a decrease which is truly remarkable.

In 1837, prisoners sentenced to transportation were not all actually sent out of England, large numbers were retained in the hulks, and might be seen then and for some years after working about the dockyards and arsenals with irons on their legs. These hulks were sinks of iniquity, nurseries of crime and corruption; the prisoners were permitted the use of musical instruments, flash songs, fighting and dancing took place, and so little deterrent were the hulks under these circumstances, that a criminal declared before a Parliamentary Committee in 1832 that "life in the hulks was considered, a pretty jolly life." The foundation of a good system of penal discipline for convicts under this sentence was laid quite early in the reign, when Pentonville Model Prison was established. This was followed in due course by the erection of prisons to supersede the hulks, and destined to contain convicts to be employed on public works, and thus replace the transportation system, and by the creation of a permanent body of "Directors" to organize and administer this part of our penal system, in place of the numerous disconnected bodies who supervised the different penal establishments in which prisoners under sentence of transportation might be confined.

In the beginning of the reign, out of half our present population, there were about 43,000 convicts in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, besides others in the penal settlements; there were ten hulks in Great Britain, in which there were about 3000 or 4000, several hundred were in Millbank, about 900 at Gibraltar, and perhaps as many more in Bermuda, making about 50,000 in all, besides many who had been released in England when they had served about half the sentence without any condition, and under no control. This number is in July, 1887, represented by 7414 convicts under sentence of penal servitude in England, about 2000 or so released conditionally and under police supervision, and a very small number in prison in Australia reconvicted since their discharge, the last relics of the transportation system. To these should be added a number, which cannot be estimated, of the children in reformatories, who would probably have been transported before the Parkhurst Act

was passed in 1838. So that our convicts, instead of doubling with our population and numbering 100,000, have actually diminished to one-fifth of their former number.

The report above-mentioned also recorded "the deplorable condition of the gaols," and the necessity of an "immediate alteration in the mode of managing prisons." The inmates were crowded together, young and old, vile and innocent, in common rooms; there was "constant intercourse with outside—no prohibition of liquor—a tap in the prison, and the whole a scene of riot."

A step of great importance was taken in regard to these prisons just about the time of Her Majesty's accession, when statutory provision was made to encourage and facilitate the proper design and construction of county and borough prisons, and for their inspection on behalf of the Home Office. Under these stimulants the local authorities, much to their credit, in due course of time rebuilt most of the prisons of England on excellent designs, which provided for the complete individual separation of prisoners, and placed this country far in advance of any other in this most important department of penal administration.

So long as the county and borough prisons remained each under its own local authority, it was impossible to get them to carry out any uniform system of punishment, for each prison authority acknowledged no superior to whom it was bound to defer. The evils of this condition of things became at last so obvious, that in 1865 Parliament assumed the general control to such an extent as not only to simplify, by a consolidating and reorganizing measure, the whole law of prisons, but to frame a stereotyped code of rules to which all prisons had to conform. This measure was a great step towards the desired object; but 113 independent bodies, composed of ten or twenty members each, could not possibly be expected to administer the law and the rules alike, especially as there were no practicable means of compelling them to do so, and the desired uniformity did not result. Moreover, the obvious duty of combining, as they easily might have done, to diminish the number, and consequently the expense of the establishments, by taking advantage of the great development of railway communication and other changes, was impeded by the feeling of independence (amounting sometimes almost to mutual repulsion) among the local authorities.

In 1877, therefore, the work of reforming and reorganizing the local prisons had to be completed by taking their administration

out of the hands of the local bodies and placing it by statute in the hands of a Royal Commission as a department of the State, thus securing the uniformity and efficiency only to be attained by unity of administration, and the economy which results from the diminution in the number of prison establishments.

In 1837 there were no less than 256 county, borough, and liberty prisons in England and Wales. Some had been closed by the Act of 1865, but there were still 113 when the Prisons Bill, 1877, was passed. There are now 59. The number of inmates of these prisons in 1837 cannot be given, but in 1849 it was 18,300; the average number in 1886 was 15,375. As the numbers fluctuate very largely from year to year, it might give a more correct idea to say that the average number during the five years beginning 1849 was 17,756 (vibrating between 19,300 and 16,750), and, in proportion to population, should now be 26,000, instead of which, during the last five years it has been 16,406, and the number has been steadily falling since 1878.

Among the preventive agencies, which are much more effective in diminishing crime than penal measures, must be reckoned the societies for aiding prisoners to get work on their discharge from prison. The value of this mode of preventing relapse into crime had been recognized so far back as 1792; but in 1837 there were only a few such societies in existence. The work was not particularly necessary in regard to transported convicts, until that mode of disposing of them became difficult; but it was recognized as very desirable in 1857, when the Royal Society for Aiding Discharged Prisoners was established. A great stimulus was given to the promotion of these societies after the Prisons Act, 1877, was passed, and they now number 58, one of them being connected with every prison in England and Wales.

The full practical official recognition of the value of Reformatories, and of the duty of preventing crime by keeping the young from falling into it, dates from the commencement of Her Majesty's reign. The Parliamentary Report on Police in 1828 referred to the "deplorable increase in juvenile depravity." The Act of Parliament creating Parkhurst Reformatory was passed in 1838. Until then it had been the practice to consign to the hulks or to transport to Australia young as well as old, excepting a small number who had been pardoned on condition of placing themselves in some charitable institution for the reception of young offenders, such as Red Hill Reformatory. Henceforth they were to be treated differently. The movement

was developed later on, and in 1854 and the following years Acts of Parliament were passed under which Reformatories, aided and inspected by the State, but maintained partly from private or local sources and managed by private bodies, have been established all over the kingdom. Young offenders, who formerly would have been transported or sent to prison, are now sent to undergo reformatory training and discipline in these schools, which now number 48, and contain about 4389 young persons.

Closely connected in principle with these, but carrying still further the doctrine that prevention is better than cure, are the Industrial Schools, which have been created under the Act of 1857 and subsequent Acts, for the purpose of receiving and training children who have committed no crime but, from unfavourable domestic circumstances or other causes, are likely to develop into criminals if not removed from bad surroundings. These schools, of which no specimen existed, I believe, in 1837, now number 120, and contain 12,275 children.

The institution of the police constitutes a marked difference between modes of controlling criminals and repressing crime in the present and the pre-Victorian era. The modern policeman bears about the same relation to the constable of former times that the private soldier bears to the mediæval man-at-arms. In law it was the duty of everybody in turn to act as constable, in person or by deputy, and the Justices selected the individual who was to fill the office from time to time. The days of the old "Charlies" in London, who used to be the subjects of our forefathers' practical jokes, came to an end about 1829; but county districts were not empowered to create a police force till 1839, and did not generally do so till much later.

My earliest recollection of the functionary who held the office of constable in a certain little country town is that he was the principal butcher. He was, of course, chiefly occupied in his business, and only acted as constable on the occasions when he was specially directed to perform some duty connected with that office. Such a thing as patrolling the streets in uniform and a helmet was of course unknown; but no doubt he carried a staff as a symbol of authority (and a weapon of offence) on occasions. He disappeared probably with the town-crier, who used to perambulate the street with his bell and his proclamation commencing, "Oh yes, oh yes," and with the beadle, who, in a costume of blue and red, trimmed with gold lace,

used to keep the little boys in church awake during the long sermons.

It was not till 1856 that the creation of a police force was made compulsory in every locality, and at the present time these functionaries are equal in number to a strong army corps, as there are 13,849 metropolitan police guarding a territory some thirty miles in diameter, and containing about 5,000,000 inhabitants, 902 city police and 21,340 in the counties and boroughs.

Certain forms of crime have almost disappeared, partly in consequence of the preventive effect of a well-organized police system, and partly by reason of our social progress in other directions. When Lord Liverpool, then Prime Minister, lived near Coombe Wood, in the first quarter of the century, he was in the habit of riding down from London after doing his day's work in office and in Parliament. Wimbledon Common and Coombe Wood were noted places for highwaymen. Jerry Abershaw, the last of them, was hung in chains, as many now living can testify, on top of Putney Hill. To defeat any of these gentry who might lie in wait for him on his night or evening rides, Lord Liverpool had several roads cut through Coombe Wood, so that they could not tell which way he might come.

As a contrast to this we find the late Prime Minister, on a night in last March, following a debate in the House of Commons, driving down with his wife in an open carriage, without any fear of danger, to his residence near Willesden.

The prevalence of this particular form of crime has been of course largely affected by the multiplication of railways and by the increase of banking facilities, which have rendered it unnecessary for anybody to carry large sums of money about with them.

Smuggling, which, besides being a crime itself, was a cause of many other crimes, and led to the adoption of criminal habits, as well as promoting a feeling of lawlessness which is the foundation of a demoralized condition of society, has of course almost disappeared with the removal of the duties on nearly all foreign productions. In large towns the formation of wide open streets, removal of slums, and provision of good light throughout the night, contribute largely to aid the preventive efforts of the police.

If, however, some forms of crime have disappeared, others



have been, as may be said, created, by laws passed for the purpose of regulating our complex social system, and as the Committee on Criminal Commitments pointed out, many offences which would formerly have been otherwise disposed of, or passed over, are now made the occasion of commitment and trial. Local Acts and Bye-laws, Sanitary Acts, Education Acts, Acts regulating public-houses, and very many others, have to be enforced by subjecting those who infringe them to punishment, and thus they create offences, and make an appearance of an increase in the number of convictions which though sometimes looked on as an indication of an increase in crime, is compatible with a considerable decrease in it. These considerations baffle any attempt at measuring the increase or decrease of crime by the number of charges or convictions, but I shall show farther on an incontestable means of forming an opinion on this subject.

I must not omit to say something on the influence of education, in which we have made such immense progress during Her Majesty's reign, as a factor in lessening crime. If by education is meant intellectual training only, I hold with those who attach comparatively little importance to it as a means of lessening crime. An educated or cultivated person is no doubt not so likely to adopt certain particular forms of crime, for instance, those involving violence, as a person whose occupations are of a different character; but if he is not guided by religious or moral motives, *i.e.* unless his education has developed these qualities as well as his intellect, and if he is possessed by an unlawful desire to acquire wealth without working adequately for it, he will effect his object by other criminal methods, or by methods which are immoral, if not in a legal sense criminal. The systems which go by the name of Bearing and Bulling in Stock dealing are without question sometimes carried on in a manner fully as dishonest as highway robbery, though legally they are not criminal. They rest on the propagation of false news—the exaggeration or colouring of true news. Those who practice them profit by exciting alarm, just as much as the highwayman who presents a pistol at a traveller's head, and while numbers of highly educated and cultivated persons practise these methods, it is impossible to hold that intellectual education prevents crime.

But education, as ordinarily understood, has this indirect and important effect, that by it numbers of children who would pass their lives in idleness and in bad surroundings are brought into

habits of order and discipline at a time of life when the character is being formed. They learn also by example and by experience, and have impressed upon them the elementary rules of morality by which society is kept together, and so start on the business of life with, at all events, a knowledge and training which fit them to become orderly members of the community.

I have shown that the criminal condition of the country cannot be compared with that of former times by examining merely the number of commitments or convictions, but there is what seems to me an incontestable proof of the vastly superior position we now enjoy in that respect. When the condition of the country is on any point in a marked degree unsatisfactory, the fact comes out in the literature of the time, in parliamentary proceedings, and in the statute book. Accordingly we find shortly before the beginning of Her Majesty's reign several Parliamentary Committees upon various branches of this subject, and the following language used in the report of one of them in 1832:—"The rapid and constantly progressive increase of crime in this country has for many years excited the alarm and baffled the efforts of the Philanthropist and the Statesman, and hitherto every effort at prevention, whether by the extension and amendment of the criminal code, or by the establishment of a more efficient Police, has failed to arrest its progress, or to diminish the frightful catalogue which our criminal records annually present."

Such a passage as this could not possibly be penned now. It is more than a quarter of a century since a temporary increase of crime, caused by the change from the transportation system, which led to an unusual number of criminals being discharged in this country in a short period, together with a simultaneous outbreak of an epidemic of garotting, led to something like this "alarm," and gave point to a literary controversy, which then, as it happened, was being waged as to the merits of certain penal systems; but since then "alarm" has been, I believe, almost dormant. Our gaols are no longer "overflowing," but, as I have shown, are continually becoming less numerous and more empty, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the efforts which have been made in many directions have succeeded in permanently improving our record of Crime and Criminals.

E. F. DU CANE.

## The Dogs of Constantinople.



“Dem Hunde, wenn er gut gezogen,  
Wird selbst ein weiser Mann gewogen.”—*Faust*.

IT is a curious example of the injustice of mankind in general, and of authors in particular, that whilst by universal consent Turkey is held up to contempt on every possible occasion as retrograde, corrupt, hopelessly opposed to civilization and progress, no one (at least, to the best of my knowledge and belief) has ever called serious attention to an advanced, peculiar, perhaps unique, race of beings, who have attained a standard of civilization far above that of their European brothers, existing in almost all the large towns of Turkey. A similar race is to be found in Egypt, and in the towns of the north coast of Africa; but these, especially the latter, are inferior in intelligence, and far less advanced. Probably the burning sun has the same effect upon them as upon creatures of a different, and, in the opinion of some, a superior species; it thickens their skulls, that is, renders their livers torpid and the action of their brains sluggish. I have never heard that their epidermis has consequently assumed a darker hue than that of their more favoured fellows; but under careful examination that would probably be found to be the case. As is usual and proper, the civilization of this race has reached its highest pitch in the capital of the empire—Constantinople; I therefore propose to confine my remarks to the inhabitants (of this particular kind) of that city.

To describe the dogs of Constantinople as belonging to a genus of digitigrade carnivorous animals may be scientifically correct, but it is lamentably inadequate. Indeed, here I find myself in a considerable difficulty; how am I to describe the almost indescribable? Whilst wholly rejecting the wanton insult offered this cultured race by Colonel Hamilton Smith, who lumps the whole lot of them under the indiscriminate

term "cur," I can no more accept the definition of the learned Doctor Mavrogeny, who says that they are something between a jackal and a wolf. They are not that, and they are not like any other of their digitigrade carnivorous fellows that I have ever seen anywhere else, either

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,  
Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail."

Their colour is yellow—Indian yellow—with a dash of light red in it. I mean, of course, generally speaking. I know one or two black ones, some grey, one of a lovely tan (this one has legs like a dachshund), others piebald, but very few white. In personal appearance no two of them are alike. There is of course a race resemblance, and owing to a system of continual intermarriage in limited circumscriptions (which will be adverted to lower down), and the consequent close cousinships which have been set up, strong personal resemblances are not rare. Still the race resemblance is no more marked than in all Englishmen, for instance, or all Frenchmen; whilst any two chance individuals show as strong dissimilarities as any two chance Englishmen or Frenchmen. They vary greatly in height; the tallest may be perhaps two feet high, the shortest nine inches. Their noses have a great tendency to be pointed; their foreheads are broad and massive, with the bumps of causality strongly marked; their eyes bright, intelligent, and expressive; their ears upright (generally, not invariably speaking) and pointed; their tails usually long and slightly curling, but not bushy. With the remark that the hair of their coats is from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter long, somewhat coarse, but generally smooth, and occasionally tipped with black, I must quit the fascinating region of personalities, otherwise I shall have neither time nor space left for discussing the far more important matters of their political and social habits and customs, of which I shall now proceed to treat.

Their political organization consists of a confederation of small states entirely independent of one another, yet unhesitatingly obeying a call to resist a common danger. This confederation cannot be accurately compared to any other known to me. Some have thought fit to institute a comparison between it and the United States of North America. But the comparison is wholly inaccurate. There is no federal President; the states,

in time of peace abroad, are extremely hostile to one another, and will admit of no inter-state relations; they pursue no common domestic policy. The only case when common action is admitted at all is that of an invasion by foreigners, and even then this action frequently terminates in civil war. My meaning will be best conveyed by an instance which occurred under my own observation. On reaching one day the Stamboul side of the Karakiöi bridge, I became aware of that roar of barks in the air which proclaims the waging of a canine war. Proceeding on my way, I presently saw advancing towards me two men leading a large tame dancing bear. Defending the front and rear of the bear were other two couples of men making terrific circular swoops with great poles which they had in their hands, whilst his flanks were similarly defended by the men leading him. Just beyond the reach of the poles were loud-sounding armies of dogs; from every street, alley, and blind lane were flocking troops, companies, regiments of dogs. On they came in the pride of numbers and the desperation of patriotism. The air vibrated with tails, flashed with teeth. Attacks were attempted in every kind of formation; single attacks, skirmishing attacks, attacks in force,—now on this side, now on that, now on all sides at once. But the cruel poles did their work with disheartening success. It was one long call of *serrez les rangs!* The front line was continually sent maimed and yelping to the rear, only to be filled up by fresh cohorts thirsting for the fray. Meanwhile the bear was walking along with that ponderous, oscillating, ungainly motion, of which he can never break himself, however much he may be submitted to masters of dancing and deportment, in as sublime and exasperating an indifference to the fury of which he was the central object as if he had been unconscious of the existence of any such a creature in the sublunary world as a dog.

The scene was so humorously attractive, that I retraced my steps to watch it to the end. The end was at the bridge, which is looked upon as neutral territory, and is inhabited by a few spiritless, neutral dogs. No Stamboul or Galata dog will ever set a foot thereon; the beginning of the bridge is an impassable frontier line. As soon as the bear stepped on to the bridge the attacks ceased, and the attacking army formed into a kind of crescent round the *tête de pont*, and chorussed a parting shout of defiance. Then I perceived a sudden movement in the canine forces which I did not at first



understand; a simultaneous movement, as if by signal, of a considerable number of dogs to the right flank. These seemed to form a kind of irregular line, and to be about to retreat, when they suddenly changed front and executed a furious and unexpected charge on their late allies. They were the dogs to whom this territory belonged. A short and sanguinary conflict ensued, but the issue was not doubtful. The attackers, whose quarters lie in a kind of market, are of a particularly robust and sturdy race, and, moreover, the others were now in the wrong, and they knew it. They had no right to remain in a territory not belonging to them one moment more than was absolutely necessary. Thus, after a half-hearted attempt to repel the attack, they turned and fled back to their homes, their tails between their legs, hardly recognizable as the soldiers of the noble army of a few minutes before. And then I saw a wonderful sight. For as the disordered mass hurried onward, at each street or corner a fresh company would break off, remain still for a moment, and then give wild chase to those who, up to that spot, had been their companions in arms and misfortune. Thus the flight became more and more ignominious and precipitate. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* indeed for those whose territory was most distantly situate.

The latter part of this scene is an example *en gros* of what is enacted every day *en détail*. Each street, alley, or open place forms a separate state, whose boundaries are strictly defined, and whose inhabitants will not suffer the least intrusion from their neighbours. Woe to the unwary one who may stray beyond his borders; he will speedily be driven back in ignominy and dismay, lucky if he have not lost half an ear, or a mouthful of flesh off his back, or be lamed for life.

Each little state elects its own Ruler or Prince. I say advisedly "elects," though a long period of careful observation has not revealed it to me how the election is carried out. The chief does not fight his way up, and thus painfully become "cock of the walk." He appears to be recognized instinctively as such. His walk is statelier, his gait prouder, his tail more erect than those of his inferiors. They render him humble homage, they give way to him with discreet goodwill. I have more than once seen a Prince standing, haughty, disdainful, and stiff, whilst three or four of his followers are fawning round him, licking his jaws, prostrating themselves on the ground before him, rubbing themselves propitiatingly against him, even

(saving your presence) searching for his fleas. There is something strikingly human in the relative bearing of flatterer and flattered, and the kind of obsequious attentions which the former delight to render to the latter; but this is a subject to which I shall be obliged to return later on.

The elected chief or prince is in all things undisputed leader, in peace as in war. It is he who leads the forces to repel attacks, and he is always the first to give chase to the offending stranger who may overstep his boundaries. He does not spare his own person, quite the contrary; he would be ashamed not to be in every rough-and-tumble fight which may take place in his dominions. His subjects, acknowledging his merits, will never question his right to such privileges, for instance, as any tit-bit (otherwise common to all) which may take his fancy. If they are discussing and quarrelling over the most delicate morsel, he has only to approach with a certain look in his eye, and they will leave it and creep fawningly away; nay, I have even seen them *push him towards it*.

He is his own commander-in-chief, and his own police force. Two little instances may be given of his talents as organizer, strategist, and leader in the former capacity, and great effectiveness in the latter. I was one day watching with interest the evolutions of a company of dogs, about twenty in number, in extracting nourishment from a dust-heap just outside the Hôtel Royal. For an instant my attention was distracted by the size and comparative beauty of a dog who stood for a moment or two in the main street, and watched them too. But he soon trotted away from his post and from my thoughts. A few minutes afterwards I saw a thin yellow line coming up, and stretching almost across the street. "A line of dogs, by Jove!" said I to myself, and—as they come up at a pretty rapid trot—"Why, my friend of just now leading them, by Jove!" I added. And so it was; head erect, tail up, as proud as any general officer at a Jubilee Parade, he curvetted a few feet in front of the line. When within about twenty yards of the dust-heap (which, it should be explained, was round a corner and thus out of sight of the advancing line), the leader and his followers broke into a wild gallop, wheeled to the left at the corner, and fell upon the occupiers of the coveted hill of provisions so suddenly and unexpectedly, that in the panic of the moment they fled and then dared not to return. The readiness of decision, quickness of organization and of

plan, rapidity of action, and personal bravery displayed in this incident, denoted qualities and powers of leadership of the very highest order.

The second incident alluded to is one which may be seen very frequently. Two dogs may have a difference, and commence (thereby following much lofty precedent) to try right by might. In the usual course of events their quarrel attracts idle onlookers, who, becoming excited partisans, actively espouse the cause, some of the one party some of the other. Sometimes the chief will allow his feelings to carry him away, and will throw in all the weight of his personal influence and prowess on that side which may attract his sympathy. But more generally he dashes into the thick of the fray, and dreadfully gnashing his mighty jaws, will deal impartially to the right and left of him such telling bites that the mob will presently be dispersed, those in the right and those in the wrong having been equally ill-treated. I may here remark that this latter rule is not seldom followed in Courts of Justice of much ceremony and pretention not a hundred miles from the spots where the scenes above described take place; in fact the despotism prevailing in these canine states has many points of strong resemblance to the despotism in the greater state of which they form a part. After much profound reflection I have not yet been able to satisfy myself whether it is man who has set the example to the dog, or the dog to man.

But enough of the Chief; let us now discourse a little of the vulgar herd. The first thing that must again be noticed about the dog-commoners (there is no aristocracy, the system is purely despotic; there is the chief, and there are the commoners, no more,) of every state is their quiet and profound conviction that their own particular district was made for them and for no one else. They carry this conviction to such a length that their general attitude towards mankind is to ignore it; yes, they ignore both men, and their appanages of boots, horses, carts, and carriages, and in a perfectly polite and inoffensive way. They curl themselves up and go to sleep. On doorsteps, in the middle of pavements, in gutters, in the middle of streets, in fact anywhere where he may happen to be, when he feels tired or wants to refresh himself with forty winks, there does a dog lie down and take his ease. "Take his ease," it will be parenthetically understood, is a somewhat sarcastic figure of speech. I have often admired the devotion to principle which

must animate these dogs in their behaviour under the most trying circumstances; like noble savages when shown the miracles of civilized invention, "they are determined not to look surprised." Here I must draw a distinction, and this I shall most easily do by quoting one or two articles of the dog-code, thus:—

(a) All dogs shall, without exception, whenever possible, ignore, as being their inferiors, all creatures except each other. (Certain exceptions as to hostile or dangerous creatures, such as cats, bears, &c., are allowed, but need not be quoted here.) (b) In order to show that they ignore other creatures, dogs shall lie down and go, or pretend to go, to sleep in the presence of those other creatures and make as though they did not exist. This is the only attitude of ignoring allowed. (c) Immediately a dog admits himself to be awake he shall take cognizance of all that is passing around him, and behave accordingly.

In compliance with rule *b*, dogs submit without flinching to the most extraordinary trials. It is quite a common occurrence for a dog to lie perfectly still in the street whilst a carriage rattles past him, its wheels literally only an inch from his nose. Sometimes they err in judgment of distance, and allow the wheels to pass over their noses. I know personally two dogs to whom this misadventure has occurred. One had half his upper jaw taken off. How he saved his lower jaw and his tongue I don't know; but he did, and a most queer appearance he presents, with his great red tongue and shining row of lower teeth and fangs always flaunting and glistening in the sunlight. The other had half of both his jaws and his tongue cut away. The accident has not improved his beauty; otherwise it does not appear to have incommoded him much. I have actually seen him fly open-throated and toothless at dogs who have lost none of their weapons of offence, and put them to flight. I think they are terrified by his appearance; I am. Tram-cars are also good for trials of nerves. Dogs are continually getting their legs cut off by the wheels of tram-cars; they don't like it at the time, but when the wound is healed are just as merry, and expose their lives and limbs just as recklessly as before. It is needless to say that lives are frequently lost altogether at this game.

But perhaps the most trying things of all are the beasts of burden, the pack-horses and the asses. There is a particularly disagreeable way of loading the beasts with big heavy

planks; one end of a plank protrudes beyond the beast's ears, the other trails on the ground. These planks work the direst havoc; they break legs, cut off ears, lift scalps, maim and destroy in every direction. They come quite noiselessly; you only hear the clanking of hoofs, and in hoofs there is no danger. By the time you hear the scraping, the horrid thing is almost upon you. Then, not only are you lying coiled up and (apparently) asleep, and therefore not in a favourable position for judging distances, but the stupid thing wobbles about with the walk of the beast, and you can't tell where it will be, or what it will do when it passes you. A wise dog prays to be tried in any way but this; however strong the spirit may be, it is really more than weak flesh can stand. Needless to say that the dogs on the doorsteps and pavements get continual, but generally unpremeditated, kicks, through which they usually pretend to sleep with much cheerfulness. And it is a curious fact that whereas the dog admitting himself to be awake will give a piercing howl if a man but pretend to kick him, a dog pretending to be asleep will generally show no sign of discomfort if a man bestow upon him a real kick. Which brings me to dogs awake.

Whereas the dogs, in real or feigned sleep, display, as has been shown, their great nobleness of character, and, by adopting a mere policy of inaction, prove themselves ready martyrs to principle, the dogs awake demonstrate a high class of intelligence of quite a different order, and, except on occasions, no very great courage. The dogs asleep and the dogs awake combine in their same persons the qualities and attributes of the two principal varieties of the human race amongst which they live. The dog asleep is proud and impassive; quietly but profoundly convinced that his is a ruling race superior to all others; silently contemptuous of the quarrelling, struggling, pushing people about him; determined that nothing, not even the most imminent danger to his life, shall make him budge an inch; receiving kicks and buffets, and by quietly ignoring them, pretending that he is never either buffeted or kicked; resolute to see things as he wishes them to be, and not as they are; a martyr to his pride—in fact, a Turk. The dog awake is active, intelligent, cunning and *remuant*; he has no principles, at least not what are usually called principles; no corner is too low, nor any refuse-heap too dirty, for him to plunge in his nose, his head, nay his whole body, in search of profit; he



is a bully to those weaker than himself, to those stronger he is cringingly, offensively, servile; he is usually a coward unless the odds are hugely in his favour; if he is not in a noisy and obtrusively swaggering mood, he always speaks in a whining voice, and his face is always screwed up into a deprecating grimace; with the exception that he is under all circumstances a coward, no more exact general description could be given of the non-Turk of Constantinople—the Greek, the Armenian, or the Levantine. But the Greeks, the Armenians and the dogs possess a quality which the Levantine does not, namely patriotism; and the dogs are superior to both Greeks, Armenians and Levantines, in that they show gratitude for benefits conferred, and are obedient, and patient under severe hardship.

I shall be asked to make another exception, but at the risk of not being believed I fear I must refuse. These dogs have reached so high a state of perfection that they certainly speak. I regret that, though having a certain facility for languages, I have so far been unable to make out anything (I exclude of course the barks and growls in which any fool of a European dog can utter himself) but a prolonged series of whines of extraordinarily varying and expressive intonation. But I comfort myself with the reflection that a human conversation must produce very much the same effect on canine ears, and that thus neither dog nor man has the advantage of the other. These dog discussions are some of the most remarkable things I have ever heard. There is, with the most unmistakable clearness of distinctive inflection, the whine recitative, the whine interjective, the whine interrogative; there is the whine of injured innocence (the most ordinary of all), the whine of accusation, the whine of indignant remonstrance, and the whine of fierce or sorrowful expostulation. For all the varying shades of changing feeling produced, during the course of an excited discussion, in the mind of dog, there is a responsive modulation of the doggish voice.

The facial expression is equally mobile. Everybody who has read the Psalms knows that a dog can grin; and most people know the look of a dog's face when he snarls. Dogs in Constantinople go much further than grinning; they laugh. I don't mean to say that, like Job's war-horse, they shout "Ha, ha"; but they wreath themselves from tail-tip to tip of nose into one big smile, and make little tittering noises in their throats which correspond to "Ha, ha." When they snarl, they do it more

completely than any other known dogs ; their lips are so turned up that the whole nose is converted into a deep-set of corrugations, and not a tooth—incisor, canine, premolar or molar—but is completely exposed. And the whole range of exciting emotions, from that which produces a laugh to that showing itself in the fiercest snarl, is faithfully portrayed upon these expressive canine physiognomies. Gesticulations are also freely used ; principally those of the head and tail, though on occasions one of the front paws and, at very exciting moments, the whole body is brought into play. I have often and often stopped and observed a discussion between two dogs, with that kind of feeling of impotent exasperation with which one listens to a discussion which must be of high interest but carried on in an unknown tongue. They stand opposite to one another and jabber with the greatest volubility ; you can hear distinctly reproachful question and expostulatory answer, accusation and denial, insinuation and retort, thrust and repartee, following one upon another with increasing swiftness and loss of temper, until excitement runs so high that it seems that resort *must* be had to the unanswerable argument of teeth, when, just as the fatal moment appears to have arrived, they both, valorously discreet, turn tail and walk away, now and then looking round and having parting shots at each other, just for all the world like a couple of quarrelsome Greeks. This simile is all the more apt from the rapid and ever-varying play of facial expression and gesticulation accompanying the whole dialogue.

I feel it necessary to beg that I may not be supposed to be drawing on my imagination ; these things are perfectly true and are recorded after long, curious, and accurate observation. The example of combined action above given, witnessed from the windows of the Hôtel Royal, and the way in which dogs will collect from a distance when the alarm is sounded (as in the case of the bear), are sufficient to show the completeness and efficacy of the dog-language, and the perfect comprehension existing in the transmission of ideas from one to the other. And for striking contrast, and unmistakable meaning of expression, I wish I could instantaneously photograph the haughtiness of countenance of a dog-chief approaching an inferior ; the far-off look in his eye (he will not look *at* the other, he looks *over* him), the stately repose of the lines of his features, the firm indifference of his closed jaws,—and then the

face of the inferior, all screwed up into knots of servility, humble adoration beaming from his eyes, fawning ears laid flat against his head, ready tongue licking slavish jaws slobbering with gloze;—oh! when and how did dogs ever learn so much about pashas and rayahs!

When two dogs are friendly they have a wonderful variety of ways of showing their devotion to each other. They walk along side by side, rubbing against each other, wagging their tails, whining with friendly whines. Friends (a curious characteristic in a dog) will share scraps of food brought by a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, instead of growling over them and guarding them alike against friends and enemies after the manner of inferior European dogs. A good deal of mutual help prevails—the most touching and common sign of friendship is reciprocal searching for fleas. It is quite a usual sight, especially in hot weather, to see one dog lying at full length upon the ground with a look of placid and somewhat fatuous contentment in his face, whilst another looks him over and operates with interested diligence; presently they change places, the operator becomes operatee, and *vice versa*. It is still more usual to see a mother performing this office for her puppies.

As an instance of intelligent friendship and mutual assistance I will quote an anecdote, related by Doctor Mavrogeny, of a dog whose favourite bed-place was the doorstep of a well-known medical practitioner of Constantinople. This gentleman, returning one day from his rounds, found his canine dependent in a pitiable state, covered with mud, and one paw helplessly trailing on the ground. Being chief of a warlike squad, the brave dog had just delivered desperate battle to an invading force, and in the heat of combat and overcome by numbers, had been precipitated unceremoniously into an old open drain. In his fall he had broken his tibia. With pain and difficulty he had dragged himself to his accustomed place on the Æsculapian doorstep, and on the arrival of his human friend so plainly demanded help, that the worthy physician took him in, diagnosed him, discovered the injury, set the bone (a compound fracture), and so treated and tended him that in a few weeks he had completely recovered and recommenced his ordinary habits of life, reconnoitring the frontiers of the enemy, and plunging into all his former excitements of battle and of pleasure. About a year after this the doctor found his old friend upon the doorstep, accompanied by a second dog, the latter in a state of great

agony, panting, moaning, and helpless. The former patient came up to his benefactor, and by suppliant wags of the tail, motions of the head, and continually turning round to his friend, and looking beseechingly back at the doctor, as plainly as possible begged him to afford him charitable assistance. Curious and benevolent, the doctor took up the injured dog, and carried him in. To his surprise he found that he had been asked to treat a precisely similar case of fracture to that of the guardian of his doorstep ; a favour which I need hardly say he willingly and successfully conferred.

Before I leave the subject of inter-canine friendship I must make one or two short remarks on the dogs' marriage system. It is hardly necessary for me to say that they are free lovers—as a rule. I know of one very curious exception to this, a dog who had taken to himself two wives, whom he defended with the greatest heroism and jealousy against all rivals, although he allowed himself gallant adventures with other lady-dogs of the quarter ; but this is one case in a million, much rarer than with mankind. One remarkable peculiarity should, however, be noticed. Although the females are very conservative, and are most valorous Amazons in defending their district against strangers, yet a certain continual, though very slow, circulation of females from quarter to quarter does undoubtedly take place. The males never change, they begin and end their lives in one small immutably circumscribed space. But the females will make exchanges of quarters. It took me some time to make sure of this ; but now I have no doubt about it. Why this is permitted under such Draconian laws, whether it is that the males have come to look philosophically upon instances of that fickleness supposed to be endemic in the female breast, or whether physiological study has led them to believe that too much breeding in and in of cousins is injurious to the race, I know not. But I can imagine that, under certain circumstances, a lady may find this liberty exceedingly convenient ; for if she finds her husbands in one agapemone too overbearing or exacting (in case, in fact, of incompatibility of character), she merely has to go off to another, with the comfortable conviction that no one will ever dare to follow her.

And now, finally, I must touch upon the relations of this interesting race with men. I have already pointed out in what ways the dogs show the superiority which they think they possess over mankind. When, however, they are awake, and not steeped

in the misleading fumes of overpowering pride, they are as lovable, sympathetic creatures as it is possible to see. They enjoy being noticed, and if you speak to them and pat them as you go by, will reward you with the most extravagant return for your advances. It is even advisable not to pass the time of day with them in winter; for, unaware of the incongruity of mud and cloth, they will answer your remarks by quite a frenzy of friendship, stroking and patting you with their muddy paws (they use their paws to you, as you your hands to them) as if you were a door-mat, and very rapidly giving you the appearance of really being one. They will accompany you right up to their frontiers, see you safe through, as it were, and pass you on to the next territory; and if you look back at them after leaving their dominions, you will see them still watching you with friendly eyes, and wagging you wags of kind encouragement. The next time you pass through their street they will greet you at once with every sign of pleasure at the meeting; and, unless you repulse them determinedly several times running, the same warm and rather embarrassing welcome always awaits you. It should be observed, however, that in some parts of Stamboul the dogs are narrow-minded and fanatical; they will only suffer the Mussulman head-dress, fez or turban, and will protest violently against any kind of Christian hat, however unassuming. In Pera they have mixed more with the world, and, being less prejudiced, remain equally unimpressed by hat, fez, turban, calpak, or any other eccentricity with which man chooses to crown his pretentiousness.

In spite of their general friendliness to man, it is impossible to break these queer beings of their love of freedom and their happy-go-lucky Bohemian style of life. Possibly they are unwilling to diminish the strength of their state, or their affection for their fellows may be too strong, in spite of continual bickerings, to induce them to submit to permanent separation. Whatever the reason, however strong the evidences of affection they may display to you in the street, nothing will induce them to have done with adventure, and become quiet stay-at-home members of your family. I once took a female in an interesting condition into my backyard—it was in the winter—made her a comfortable kennel, gave her plenty of warm straw and food galore. In time she presented me with a litter of puppies, a family of little round, soft, fluffy, yellow balls, which used to gambol and tumble and squeak all over

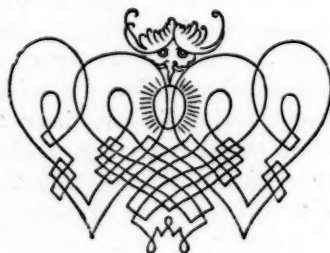


the yard in endless good-temper and playfulness. She brought them up, weaned them and watched them carefully. With good feeding and care she grew sleek and well-looking; she seemed to love me with all her heart. I really thought that she was going to be constant, and, as the puppies grew into handsome young dogs, began to think with some trepidation on the prospect of seeing my backyard converted into a permanent kennel for the pack. There was no reason for me to repent me of my charity. One day, on returning home, I found my yard quiet and deserted, not a trace of a dog left. As soon as the young ones had grown big enough to shift for themselves, she left them no longer under the enervating influences of luxury, but turned them all bodily out into the street, and herself after them. No blandishments of mine could ever induce any of them to come back again. I have since changed my house and left that street. The young ones, heedless as most young things are, forgot all about me. But the mother did not. She always greeted me with a warm and affectionate welcome, and I am sure I had in her one of the truest, most sincere friends I ever made. It is now long since I have met her. I fear she has passed away to another land, where I trust the sun may always shine for her, and the streets may present no greater danger than endless good things to eat. I cannot help hoping that in some distant unknown future we may meet again, and that I may once more see the loving beam of those honest brown eyes, and the expressive affectionate undulations of that scarred yellow body.

I hope I have been able to raise in my readers some of the interest which I myself feel for this remarkably cultivated race of dogs. If so, they will be glad to hear that the human Constantinopolitans show them on the whole a good deal of kindness. This is especially the case with the Turks, who in hot weather keep troughs continually filled with water for them,\* and in cold weather, when the snow lies thick on the ground, make frequent distributions of bread amongst them. This evidence of a kind heart is surely welcome. There is further an important and useful moral to be drawn from the Eastern dog question. As long as Turkey remains as she is, so long will this civilized side of her remain also, possibly, nay probably, developing more and more intelligence. It is too

\* It is well worth noting that *rabies* is so rare in Constantinople as practically not to exist. When a case does occur, it is purely sporadic and never spreads.

civilized to exist when human civilization and progress shall at last really make their appearance. Two separate civilizations cannot flourish side by side in the same place ; the weakest must disappear. And when these dogs are no more, that very fact will prove Turkey to be reforming in good earnest. The Sultan Abdul Aziz, probably recognizing this truth, tried to rid Constantinople of them by a system of deportation to the islands of the Marmara. But since no reforms accompanied this measure, such artificial efforts proved useless ; the dogs soon found their way back again to the city, and there they will stop until the wave of human improvement, by the spontaneous action of cause and effect, irrevocably sweeps them away. For the present it is most curious to think that in the "Queen of Cities" no more than the intelligence of ordinary dogs should seem to dwell in the cranium of ruling man, whilst the intelligence of man has literally gone to the dogs.



## A Holiday among the Crofters.

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WHEN my friend Colonel Burscough invited me to come up with him to the shooting which he rented in Skye, I accepted—partly because I like shooting, and partly because I had never seen Skye, and wanted to find out for myself what sort of people the crofters were. Colonel Burscough had shot over the same ground the two previous years, but had then stayed at a roadside inn. Now, however, he had succeeded in getting his landlord to set in order a disused house upon the property, and was thus able to offer hospitality to his friends.

We went up from Glasgow in a small yacht, and arrived, upon the third or fourth day, at Portree, where we met Colonel Burscough's servants crossing by steamer from Strone Ferry. It was most amusing to see the undisguised contempt of this essentially cockney crew for their Gaelic surroundings. We watched them trail up the steep street, hung about with band-boxes and bundles like a Cheap Jack's waggon, and having seen them comfortably installed for the night in the hotel, went back to the yacht and turned in, in preparation for an early start. We weighed anchor with the sun to cruise round and meet the servants at Runish, my friend's shooting, in the evening.

Colonel Burscough's out-of-door factotum, a Celt of hardy aspect and peaty flavour, we found awaiting us on the little stone jetty of the loch, as we rowed ashore after bringing the yacht to her moorings. He clasped his Scotch bonnet with both hands upon the pit of the stomach in an attitude eloquent of self-depreciation and respect for his superiors. There was no shadow of a doubt of the warmth of our host's welcome from this faithful dependant.

We landed a few hundred yards from the house, which stood

at the head of the loch. A burn, where the little brown trout jostled each other, and the sea-trout came up, for change of air, in autumn, ran past the kitchen door. The bridge of the mail-coach road spanned the burn just beside the house. Up on the hillsides were the little "black houses" of the crofters of the township of Runish—low stone huts, peat-thatched, dark, peat smoky; half of each tenanted by the human family, half by the cattle beasts which they owned. Near Colonel Burscough's house were the kennels, for the pointers and setters, and behind the kennels the mill where the crofters got their meal ground on payment of a certain measure—corresponding to the old "gowpen," or handful, of the Eastern counties—out of each sack.

In the course of our first dinner the cook came bursting into the room with eyes aflame.

"Oh lor, Sir!" said she. "Oh lor, Sir! This 'ouse is *full* of rats!"

Now Eliza probably knew "*full* of rats" to be merely a way of speaking; nevertheless, very brief examination of the premises revealed the presence of rats, visible, and in the flesh, in numbers such as it had never entered into the imagination of any of us to conceive before. With military promptitude Colonel Burscough recognized the gravity of the situation and initiated his plan of campaign.

"Mc'Bain," said he (Mc'Bain was the name of the Celtic factotum), "go out and borrow a cat from the crofters. Borrow two. Borrow twenty."

About the end of dinner word came that Mc'Bain wished to speak to our host. We all went into the kitchen. Mc'Bain was there, with a pleased smile on his face and grasping in his hand the neck of a large sack which writhed felinely. He thrust in his other hand and drew forth a cat, observing, in the "English as she is spoke" by those whose native tongue is Gaelic:—"See, where iss one!"

He repeated the performance, and the observation, seven times, not noticing, apparently, that each grimalkin traced an ensanguined railway track down the back of his hand. As he deposited the seventh cat on the floor, he said: "It iss all;" and stood, with the same well-pleased smile on his face, and the blood running off him, watching the seven brethren as they suspiciously examined their surroundings.

That night those cats must have had a foretaste, as from a feline Pischah, of the happy hunting-grounds. We got but little

sleep. The noise was like nothing less than a troop of cavalry at full gallop within all the wainscotings. In the morning the cats, considerably bulkier than over-night, stole plethorically away to their respective "black homes," and Mc'Bain was sent on the shooting-pony to Portree for strychnine. The following night the noise was less—it was as though infantry had relieved the cavalry. On the succeeding night there was silence, as of the grave! then, for a week, we were in terror, expecting an intolerable stench. But it did not come: the burn ran too near: the poisoned rats had doubtless betaken themselves thither to quench their thirst. We were free!

Of the whole episode what most struck me was the readiness with which the crofters lent their cats to us, the alien Sassenachs, in our distress. I had arrived with some apprehension about the nature of our reception. My man-servant, whom I had left behind, had expressed great fears at my venturing without his support among this people—"Not as I 'olds as they're bad of theirselves," he charitably explained, "but," said he, with immensely telling misapplication of the aspirate, "it's them hagitators!"

Another point relative to the cats that drew my attention, was that the hairs had all been cut away from within their ears; and this I learned was done to prevent them from going out at night in pursuit of game, for the dew getting into their unprotected ears makes them prefer the comforts of the "black house." Such, at least, is the crofter's theory. On many matters their information is original. Mc'Bain told me that a man of his acquaintance had killed a mad dog; but in the struggle some of the dog's blood had got upon his leg, "and four weeks later she" (referring to the man) "was on the roof of her house without any clothes, and her wife wass cut up in four quarters in the house." Such was Mc'Bain's tersely graphic description of the effects of what I fancy must be a rather exceptional instance of hydrophobic poisoning through the skin.

He told me another curious fact in Natural History which is well worth knowing. "Ef you wass stabbed by a snake, and the snake wass getting to the watter first, then you would most likely die," he said. "But ef you wass getting to the watter first, then the snake would die: and there wass a boy at Broadfoot—she wass stabbed by a snake; and she wass run to the watter, and the snake wass run to the watter alongside; and



she wass jump into the watter first, and the snake burst before her eyes."

The Skyemen are very like children. They can attach themselves with an unreasoning devotion which is almost canine to a kind master, and the poverty which has in so many instances driven the proprietor out of the Highlands is therefore peculiarly to be regretted. It is, in a great measure, the very qualities which render the Highlander so valuable under the control of military discipline, or personal affection, that make him as unfitted as a dog or a child for steering his own path through the intricacies and temptations of political agitation.

Grouse-shooting is a theme whose glories have been done to death with pen and pencil; yet there is a more than ordinary charm in its surroundings in the Western Highlands and Islands, where loch, sky, sea and mountain work together to show you Nature's splendours. From the higher moor the crofters' black houses look more like little peat-stacks than dwellings. The little squares of their arable crofts, of eight acres each, are dark with potato or light with a thin crop of short oats. Here and there a patch in which oats were sown shows nothing but a blaze of gaudy, useless golden flowers. The soil is poor, and the climate, especially by reason of the terrific wind storms, almost intolerable to the agriculturist. There are sheep grazing about upon the hillsides, and what the Scotch call "cattle beasts," notably a black bull which kept one of our party up to his neck in a burn, where he was fishing for brown trout, for a whole summer's afternoon.

Each crofter has twelve sheep and two cattle beasts, whose pasturage is included in his rent of £1 per acre—*i.e.* £8 in all—and for this he gets also the services of the landlord's factor as manager of the joint-stock sheep farm under the check of two auditors, locally termed "members," appointed by the crofters out of their own body. I understand that Mc'Bain was a man of consideration among the crofters, but, as yet, scarcely old enough—he was about 50—to be a member. We find, I think, that age is held in greater veneration in proportion to the primitiveness of the society.

Almost the first day of the grouse-shooting Mc'Bain fell into dire disgrace. It was his duty to lead the pony that carried the game and the lunch. He left the pony for a moment, while he went round the bend of a hill to fetch a wounded bird,

and on his return the pony was gone! His consternation could not have been greater had he lost his wife. He set about looking for the pony under tufts of grass and down drains which would not have sheltered a field-mouse, and it was not till late in the day that he at length reappeared, limping horribly, but triumphantly leading the pony, "which," he explained, "wass that evil she wass tread on my fingers." He meant his "toes." *En revanche*, as it were, he spoke of the "sleeves" of a shirt or a coat as the "legs." Also, the page of grammar which treats of gender must, I think, have been sealed to him, for whereas he called most things "she," he invariably referred to his wife as "he."

We made no heavy bags on these days after the grouse, nevertheless they were thoroughly enjoyable. Twenty-five brace to four guns was about our average. As in all the islands the birds lay like stones, they can be shot over dogs all through the season. I am not aware that any one has ever explained their tameness. Can it be the climate, I wonder, that makes Celt and grouse alike slothful? The crofters used to hold day-long informal mass meetings of the unemployed outside the merchant's shop—the merchant being not of the class dear to our childhood, who traded in pearls and Eastern carpets between Bussorah and Bagdad, but the Highland counterpart of the proprietor of the English village "shop," selling most things, from a Gaelic newspaper and bootlaces, to fish-hooks and the *Oban Times*. Runish, at this season of the year, indeed, was peopled exclusively, almost, by the unemployed; for the young and hearty were away for their eight weeks, at the East Coast herring fishing, whence, with luck, they would return with some £20 in their pockets, the greater portion whereof would be swamped by their outstanding debt to "the merchant," and the margin would be but a slender provision for the exigencies of the coming winter. To be in debt to the merchant is a recognized and respectable form of liability among the crofters, but they had rather starve than borrow of each other. Colonel Burscough told me that a winter or two back a man had obtained some turnips on credit from a friend to feed, as he said, his cow. A week later it was found that these turnips had been the sole support of himself and his family during all those days. That there is, at times, great misery among the crofting population is beyond question; and the inference often drawn from the assertion that the crofter is

better off than he used to be—the inference, that is, that he is as well off as he has any right to expect to be—is only the more mischievous in its perversity because of the verbal and literal truth of the premiss from which it starts.

The first year that Colonel Burscough was there, when the potato-disease was very bad amongst them, he had given the crofters of Runish a large number of seedling potatoes. They accepted these gratefully; but endeavouring, in their Highland pride, to make him some return, they inundated us with gifts of butter, of milk, and of eggs, all of them pervaded by the eternal flavour of the black-house peat. The first time that my clothes returned from the wash, I fancied that the people, suspecting us of some infectious plague, must have fumigated our garments. Everything that enters into the black house is impregnated by the flavour of the peat-smoke. In a general way this is not unnatural, seeing that chimneys are rather the exception, and in most houses the smoke has to find a way for itself through the thatch, or stop inside; but how the peat taste gets inside a hen's egg quite beats old King George and the apple-dumpling. More satisfactory presents than these black-house flavoured luxuries were the fresh herrings which, as the season advanced, they used to bring us. This was only, however, when "there wass word that there wass herring in the loch;" for the Skyemen have no properly decked boats wherewith to follow the herring into the open Minch. Possibly Government might do something for them, as in some of the outer islands the proprietors have done, by giving them help in this direction.

Colonel Burscough, our autocrat of the breakfast table, had passed a rule which, though it savour of an apparent greediness, I can yet commend to all similarly situated—viz. that whatsoever special dainty, bird, beast, fish, or vegetable were shot, caught, found, &c., should be eaten by the shooter, catcher, finder thereof. When, under other auspices, one sees a Jack Snipe bandied about a round table of knights, each too chivalrous to deprive another of the delicacy, this rule finds its justification; and even the joy to the palate of a golden plover is dearly purchased at the price of the envy, hatred, and malice of a whole shooting-party.

Indeed, we fared by no means badly. It is true we had to eat our way steadily through a sheep, with a monotony that served us for an almanack; by the joint that appeared on table we knew how many days through a sheep we were. On the

first day came the haggis, which tasted high then, and we steadily worked on till all was consumed. But our variety lay in grouse, in plover, in snipe, in fish of all kinds, from brown trout and sea-trout, with an occasional salmon, to sea-fish proper, lobsters, and shell-fish of all sorts. Oyster-catcher soup was to me a discovery, and an excellent one—better, I think, than hare. The sea-fish we caught mostly in a trammel-net set in the tideway, and left all night; the sea-trout in a long seine-net set at dusk across a burn's mouth, into which net the trout were then frightened by splashing from up the burn towards the net. The moving lanterns, the gleaming fish, the silvery drippings from the net, and the dark moving forms and boats against the still background of dark water, made this a picturesque scene. Unsportsmanlike maybe; but we had no option. There never came a "spate" to enable the sea-trout to get up the burns, where we could catch them with fly.

But we had fine fun out at sea with the lythe—great big fish running up to twenty pounds, and full of play. We fished for them with a spinning bait and india-rubber eel trailing behind the boat, which we kept rowing gently in a tideway. The rod was two-jointed, very strong, with whalebone top. When the lythe strikes, he bores downwards, and if he once gets among the weeds at the bottom, he stays there, and so do your spinner and your temper. When quite fresh, the lythe is excellent eating; but if you are on a small yacht, and your *chef* is an old man-of-war hand, as was our case, you had better not go and see how the cooking is done. I saw it once. Jack—that was the cook's name—was watching some simmering soup, and peeling potatoes with his jack-knife. When one potato was completely peeled, he found that the part he had last held was black from his fingers and thumb. So he peeled off the grime; meanwhile the other side of the potato became rich brown, and in its turn claimed the attention of his knife. By sundry repetitions of this process the potato was reduced to about the size of a gooseberry, and acquired a uniform yellow griminess. He looked at what remained of the vegetable with a heavy sense of the eternal indestructibility of grime, and throwing it into the pan, commenced treating another on similar principles. Then, noticing that the fire in the little stove wanted poking, he poked it—with his forefinger. The soup needing stirring, he stirred it—with the same forefinger. I went on deck, and when at dinner, my friends, with little show of sympathy, attributed

my poor appetite to *mal de mer*, I was forgiving enough not to undeceive them.

There is no part of the world for yachting, of all I have seen, that can touch the West Coast of Scotland—provided, which is exceptional, you get tolerable weather. Where will you find such variety of scenery, as the outlines of the mountains and islands unravel themselves; as the swift changes of sky and drift upon the hills, or the colour of the water, warn you of the squall that is on you and past you so quickly out of these mountain gorges? At one place the land looms above you in great up-sweeping sheets of grassy down. At another a grotesque, beetling cliff overshadows you; or again the columnar basalt which scarcely looks as if Nature's careless hand had made it. Now and again, you will pass the ruins of a castle built upon the very edge of a promontory, looking away over the Minch, with but a narrow causeway from the mainland leading up to it; and I should fancy scarce the most prosaic of us but would conjure up some vision of yellow-haired Vikings plying wild war around the base of the cliff, while, from above, the chief and his retainers rained down their missiles—far enough from the reality, no doubt, but none the less alluring to the fancy. Then you will go past a colony of puffins, which come out in denser masses than a swarm of bees; or you will get among a shoal of herring, with myriads of sea-birds of all sorts preying upon them, and so loaded with fish that they can only lift themselves an inch or so from the water, to flip along out of the boat's way. And then some one will see a whale blowing out in the Minch, and you all look emulously to be the first to sight his next appearance. One day, going by a shoal of herring, we came so near a gannet asleep on the water, with his head under his wing, that we almost caught him; and Mc'Bain told us that once, at night, a gannet had got itself entangled in the nets of his boat, and frightened him with its great, white, flapping wings, for he thought it was the ghost of his father—but what the distinctive features were by which he thought to identify the ghostly individuality, he either would not, or could not, confide to us.

Some of their fancies are strange. Fairies, they will tell you, frequent streams of running water. Now, Mr. Burscough, junior, having sorely rent the seat of his trousers, the journeyman of the township—a sort of general utility man, who mends your drains or your cisterns or, as before indicated, your trousers—was summoned to repair them. The job being still unfinished at



dusk, and his home across a branch of the burn, he declined to stay and finish it for fear of the fairies, except on one condition: that a little child should be sent home with him. The child was to come back by itself. They say that the fairies will not molest a child, or any one who is with a child. It is a pretty fancy. The journeyman, under the child's protection, got home quite safe.

It did not fall to my lot to witness a crofter's funeral, but I believe the ceremonial to have some singular features. The corpse is borne to the place of burial in a cart, on which is also carried a cask of whisky. The mourners form a procession before the cart, with the chief mourner in front bearing a whisky bottle, from which drinks are offered to all whom the procession encounters. The bottle is replenished from the cask, and it is said to be counted a great affront to refuse the proffered dram. At none of their religious ceremonies are instruments of music of any kind permitted. Robert Burscough did indeed tell me that they admitted the Jew's harp, believing it to be the instrument with which David scared away the evil spirit that vexed Saul. If this view be correct, there is some justification for the monarch's hasty use of the javelin; but on several occasions I found reason to mistrust young Mr. Burscough's statements. One of our party, on his first sight of a Highlander in full dress, was simple enough to ask the young gentleman to point out to him the Highlander's pibroch—he pronounced it “pie-brooch”—and Master Robert promptly told him that it was the clasp which held together the skirts of the kilt, of his own accord volunteering the further information that when the clasp was replaced by a pin the latter was then called a “hoolichan.” I only mention this to show the value that ought to attach to what he told me about the Jew's harp.

The people, however, are not unresponsive to the charm of music. We got a piper from Portree, and Eliza gave a crofter's ball, in return for much black-house hospitality in the shape of tea- and syllabub-fights. The day before the ball we took the piper out in the yacht, and as he tucked the bag under his arm, like Alice in Wonderland with her flamingo croquet-mallet, and sent the weird strain skirling across the waters of the loch, and up the glens and hillsides, we saw the people ever so far away coming out before their houses and shuffling and jigging in the steps of the reel. The ball was a *succès fou*. The gun-room was the ball-room. It was not lofty. Indeed, one tall crofter,

in the energy of the dance, perpetually hit his head against the ceiling, bringing down little avalanches of the plaster—for which he subsequently apologized most courteously to our host—yet never allowing the mishap to interfere with the vigour of his dancing.

Reels, reels, reels, nothing but reels all night, with an occasional interval for a Gaelic song of most monotonous melody, and, I believe, though I did not understand a syllable, of most monotonous words. Jack, too, sang—Jack, our *chef* from the yacht—and such a voice too! It nearly brought the house down literally, as it quite did metaphorically. We could never induce him to sing on board the yacht—he used to say he had lost his voice, (it would assuredly have incommoded the man who chanced to find it!) but the skipper told us the real reason of his reluctance. His last effort had been made in the parlour of his own home, and he had then sung till his grandmother's nose bled—she was a very old woman and it was a most dangerous thing, and Jack had then and there registered a vow never to sing again. This vow he had broken under the genial influence of Eliza's party, and whisky; and the atmosphere of the gun-room, where peat flavour and whisky were proving but inadequate substitutes for oxygen, was noticeably cleared by it. They kept up the dance until four in the morning, and went away delighted, and very few of them tipsy.

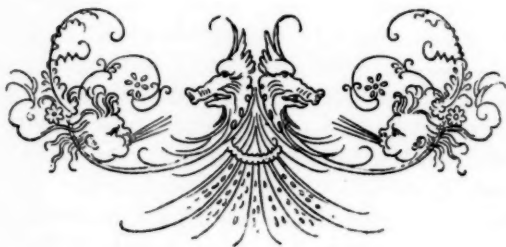
Yet they are, in a way, an austere people. The profane Saxon who is tempted by the inviting look of sky and water to fish for the dainty sea-trout on the Sabbath, will be made to feel the ill-will which any such disregard of their conscientious scruples will entail. The merchant was the most austere of all. A weather-bound ship came into the loch, one Sunday during our stay, with a crew of nine men. They had been lying-to, short of provisions, in the Minch, and had not tasted food for thirty-eight hours. They came to the merchant and asked for bread—they offered him money, they besought him, they threatened him; but not a bite would he give those starving men because he was a religious man and it was the Lord's Day! A neighbouring proprietor, hearing of their case, sent them a sheep; otherwise I do not know what might have happened to the merchant.

Now, no one can spend an autumn in Skye without bearing away with him a most lasting impression—skin-deep only, mercifully—of two insect pests. First, about the time that the

primitive sickles are cutting the late hay harvest and driving the ever craking corn-crake out of his favourite haunt—about this time appear, in hosts, the horse-flies, whose local name is “clegg.” A dark coat, which they probably affect rather on account of its greater warmth than for any æsthetic reasons, is almost immediately covered by them ; and when they bite they mean business, and draw blood. They infest the country for a fortnight and then vanish, and after an interval of two or three days are succeeded by a creature to which, in spite of its smaller bulk, the “clegg” is not a circumstance. This is no other than the midge, the common midge ; but I do not think it possible for any one who has had experience merely of the English midge to form an idea of what he can be in the Western Highlands. I can give no stronger proof of their power than in saying that I have known a keen fisherman leave a rising salmon to get anywhere away from them. They are perhaps a little worse round the burns—like the fairies—than elsewhere, but they are pretty ubiquitous. They get into your eyes, your ears, your nose ; you breathe midge, you eat midge, and midge eats you ; a myriad of them eat you at the same moment. Happily, “little Master Midge,” as Robert Burscough used to call him, is no mariner. On the water you are free from him. So, on the water we spent most of his brief but despotic reign. At low tide we would sail round the beach and hunt the cairns for otters, while Mc'Bain cheered on the little slate-coloured terriers with canine Gaelic of inspiring quality, and Master Robert swelled the chorus with “*Globe, Special*,” and all the cries of the highway robbers of the Strand.

On the whole, I can safely say that I have spent many a worse holiday than that autumn in Skye; and then, how were our feelings towards “them hagitators” embittered when, at Portree on our homeward journey, we found the hotel crammed from roof to basement in honour of a meeting of the Land Law Reform Association—with this notable “N.B.” to the announcement of it, as reported by Master Robert :—“You are requested to leave your dynamite in the hall.” However, in default of better things, we attended the meeting, where we heard bitter denunciations of the cruelty with which “the people had been driven out of the land, that the landlord might drive through his deer forest a-drinking his champi-an.” Thus the professional demagogue from London. Other speakers, for the most part Ministers of the Free Kirk, drew less weirdly imaginative pictures

but all agreed in denouncing the past and present tyranny of the landed proprietors of the Western Highlands, than whom, as a class, no men so situated have, in my humble judgment, dealt more considerately with their dependants since history began to be written. The misery which undoubtedly prevails largely among the crofting population is inevitable under the climatic influences, which Providence alone controls, and, humanly speaking, there is no adequate remedy for their troubles other than emigration to a better climate in a foreign land.



## “Leaves of Grass.”



TWO volumes contain all of Whitman's writings that the matured judgment of their author has approved for preservation ; and one of these is only a miscellany of prose essays and diary jottings. The other, *Leaves of Grass*, has been Whitman's life-work. In the poems or chants with which it is filled, Whitman has endeavoured to embody human life as he has gathered the facts from his personal experience. It has grown with his growth. From a book of 107 pages it has developed into the compact work of to-day. As long ago as 1871 he announced that the fifth edition, then issuing from the press, was "the final one." He under-estimated his powers of expansion. His life and his book are so interwoven, that it is premature to write "finis" to the latter until the former is accomplished. Each year brings new experience and consolidates that which has come before. Every sincere and capable writer puts himself into his books, impressing even quotations and translations with his personality, but *Leaves of Grass* contains more than this. It is a unique autobiography. Many persons have written down the story of their lives, so far as, in their old age, they could recollect it. Looking back upon their career as a whole, they necessarily give to the record the impress of their later judgment. Usually such works are filled with incidents, though, here and there,—notably in the case of John Stuart Mill—they present a photograph of the mind. Walt Whitman did not wait until his later years to begin his autobiography. Life seemed a wondrous experience to him, worth putting on record while it was passing. He jotted down what he saw and heard and felt, while the events were still fresh and alive and in instant relation to himself. In *Leaves of Grass* Whitman has bodied forth a biography of the human soul ; of his own ostensibly, of all souls really, for the



experience of the individual is simply the experience of the race in miniature. *Leaves of Grass* is a record of the soul's voyage through life ; a gathering of experience, of joy and sorrow, of feeling, emotion and thought. This gives to the book its power and charm, and also, in some aspects and to some persons, makes it repellent.

A want of concentrative force, even a disposition to indolence, may be traced through the career of our author. He himself confessed to a friend that he had "no talent for industry." During his early years we find too many changes of occupation and scene, printing, editing, writing, publishing, teaching, joiner-ing, house-building ; one time in New York, another in New Orleans, then back again or up and down the country. This erratic temperament displays itself in the scrappy character of much of his literary work. Yet he was the reverse of an idle man. He always earned his bread. If his worldly gains were small, there was compensation in the modesty of his wants. He said he could, on the whole, live magnificently on bread and water.

Whitman's admirers have certainly no right to complain that his energies were not centred on trade or other fortune making. All those years of miscellaneous occupation and variety of scene were his apprenticeship. The "many a good day or half-day" on Long Island, of which he tells, riding, boating, walking, "absorbing fields, shores, marine incidents, characters, the bay-men, farmers, pilots, fishermen," by-and-by took form in poetry. So also did the city scenes in which he mingled ; his jaunts on New York omnibuses, and intercourse with the drivers—"Broadway Jack," "Old Elephant," "Yellow Joe," and the rest—and with the toilers in the workshops and with the loungers in the streets. "I suppose the critics will laugh heartily," he writes, "but the influence of those Broadway omnibus jaunts, and drivers, and declamations, and escapades, undoubtedly entered into the gestation of *Leaves of Grass*." He visited hospitals, alms-houses and prisons, attended political gatherings, frequented taverns, and was the friend of publicans and sinners. He was a good observer and a good hearer, and his curiosity was unbounded. He would take nothing from another's report, but must see and hear and feel for himself. The gods had provided a banquet of life, and he would taste of every dish, whether it were sweet or bitter. To a weaker spirit than his, it might have been a perilous thing to do. That which we call experience is the soul's vision of itself in the mirror of

the world ; the spectacle may well frighten those who dare not to discover, even to themselves, what they really are ; but the strong, seeing their defects, aspire to perfection. To the well-constituted mind variety brings health, rough contact invigorates, the experiences of the world, smooth and rugged, yield pure benefit.

What precisely Whitman did during this period I do not know and am not interested to discover. The mere knowledge of a man's deeds may easily mislead the judgment. Did he *do* this or that? What does it signify? The vital questions are, What were his opportunities? what use did he make of them? how would he have behaved under other conditions? Whitman was never on trial with felons, yet he confessed himself as much a felon as those who were :

"You felons on trial in courts,  
You convicts in prison cells ; you sentenced assassins chain'd and  
handcuff'd with iron,  
Who am I, too, that I am not on trial or in prison?  
Me, ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not chain'd with  
iron or my ankles with iron ?

\* \* \* \* \*

O, admirers ! praise me not—compliment me not—you make me  
wince,

I see what you do not, I know what you do not."

This bit of experience will find a responsive echo in many minds. Have we not all felt, some time in our lives, when we have been made confidants of some secret wrong or have witnessed the exposure of evil-doers, how equally guilty in all but the mere deed we also were? Nay, have we not felt we were in some sort worse than those others, because, being guilty, we were praised as innocent, or at least escaped due chastisement, merely because we did not make our guilt manifest in an act? Worthy John Bradford, when he saw a criminal carried to execution, used to say, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford." If it were not for the grace of God, or, if you prefer, the fortunate chance or the want of opportunity to do ill, not a few on-lookers, not a few reputed saints, would be standing side by side with the felons on trial in the courts.

Nevertheless, this acknowledgment of kinship in sin or in the possibility of sin, is only a half statement of the truth that sin itself is lesser or stunted virtue, just as darkness is only light too thinly spread for human eyes to perceive. Men never turn

themselves from the good, though they do not keep it continually in view; and, though they stumble and hesitate, their look and movement are always onward.

How Whitman emerged from his experiences must be shown in his life, yet it is worth while to note that he is not blamed for these experiences, but for making a record of them. While others have been superficial and circumspect in what they wrote, he has striven to be thorough, and great has been the disgust that what every one secretly knew and was thinking of or timidly hinting, he should boldly declare. Such unaccustomed thoroughness caused an outcry; but he felt that, if he was to depict man at all, his presentment must be entire.

Yet Whitman's honest bluntness is not without a touch of bravado, I think. It comes primarily from an intellectual conviction that in nature there are no indecencies, and to this conviction he resolves to give the fullest utterance. For his part, nothing being improper, nothing shall be suppressed. Mr. Lowell's remark that Fielding "had the courage to be absolutely sincere if he had not always the tact to see where sincerity was out of place" may be not inaptly applied to Whitman. There is much, too, in the way a thing is treated, and Whitman's touch, it must be admitted, is not delicate. His speech is open but not quite spontaneous; not as free and natural, for example, as the language of Fielding in some of his books. He is aware that he is doing rather a daring thing. He must wonder a little what the effect will be upon his readers. In other words, his expression of himself is conscious. Perhaps in our age this is unavoidable. Thackeray lamented that the condition of the time prevented him from using absolutely sincere expressions, and possibly he would have been a happier man and a healthier writer if he had had the liberty he craved. It is related that when Bayard Taylor was a child, his mother, who had been a Quakeress, tried so constantly to impress upon him the wickedness of profane swearing, that his imagination became centred on oaths, and he was filled with an uncontrollable desire to swear. So he went into the fields, beyond hearing, and there gave vent to all the oaths he had ever heard or could invent, in as loud a voice as possible. After this he felt happy. The human race may have been in a like predicament until Whitman relieved it, for a time, by his bold utterance. At any rate, I think thereby he relieved himself and, having written the section of his book called "Children of Adam," was free for the efficient

performance of work more generally acceptable and useful. And, after all, the chief point is whether the statement he makes is true or false.

Out of his experience Whitman constructed his book. *Leaves of Grass* was begun on the shores of Long Island in 1853, the author being then thirty-four years old. He set it in type himself in the printing-office of a friend. It contained twelve pieces in verse and a preface in prose. In 1855 it appeared. A thousand copies were printed. Some were sent to newspapers and to public men, and afforded a certain amount of amusement to the recipients. The style was curious, and some of the ideas seemed odd and uncouth. Emerson, however, chancing upon a copy, discerned its value. He alone, of all the persons who saw the work, perceived that there was something worthy in it. He thought he discerned the signs of genius in its early dawn, and wrote straightway to the author to tell him that in his book he had found "incomparable things said incomparably well. . . . The solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging." Few if any copies of the book were sold.

The second edition was issued in 1856, a much thicker volume than the first. It contained some of the pieces which are now gathered together in the section called "Children of Adam," and these changed the scornful laughter of the critics into angry denunciation. The sharp controversy to which they gave rise has not yet wholly subsided. The prose preface had disappeared or rather had taken poetical form. Since then several editions have appeared with varying but for the most part small fortune. One publisher failed; others grew timid and withdrew. The current edition issued in 1881, is the only one which, commercially, has proved a marked success.

When the fourth edition was published, Whitman had gathered an important, new experience to be woven into poems. The Civil War had taken place. His brother having been wounded in an early engagement, he went to the front to nurse him. Once there, his sympathy with suffering was too strong to permit him to return. It is on record that he was careful to have his name on the roll of volunteers eligible for service, but he was not drafted. In the hospitals he found work as useful and as arduous, and needing as much courage as service in the army itself. But it was congenial, for his heart was more in saving than in slaying. It is said that during the war he

personally tended or in some way aided not fewer than 100,000 wounded soldiers. Some of these services seem slight enough. A passing kindly word or touch or smile; but the suffering and lonely men appreciated such tokens of love. To not a few the last earthly vision was of that countenance glowing with tenderness. Whitman's aim was not to supplant but to supplement the doctors and nurses by giving aid which they had not the time, even if they had the understanding to give. He knew that more was needed than medical and surgical skill; that to these soldiers on beds of sickness, often of death, far from their friends, the power of a touch of home-tenderness would be magical. Hence, in many instances he gave true and substantial aid by pressing a hand or by a kiss or a smile or a word of cheer as he passed the bed; or he would write a letter to wife or mother, or give a little money or tobacco or an orange, or receive a message from the dying. Humane persons in different parts of the country sent him money and stores to carry on his work, and not a little came from his own pocket. A small volume called *Drum Taps*, issued in 1865, is Whitman's record of his war-experiences. To it he appended a few pathetic pieces referring to the death of President Lincoln. All are now incorporated with *Leaves of Grass*.

In connection with these experiences, nothing is more significant than the expansion of Whitman's sentiment towards death. Already in his "Song of Myself" he had said, "As to you, Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try and alarm me . . . And, as to you, Life I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths, (no doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before)." But in the war and the tragedy of President Lincoln's death at its close, that which before had been perceived by the intellect has fused itself, by experience, into the life. He has faced death, mingled with it, borne it daily through four terrible years, and now he can sing his glowing chants of "heavenly death." The poet of life will, henceforward, be the poet of death also. Here, as I think, is Whitman's real advance beyond his predecessors. Others have treated death as a "dread monster," an enemy, or, like Emerson, have steadily ignored it. Even Goethe said, "Death is something so strange" that, notwithstanding all experience, one thinks it impossible for it to seize a beloved object; and it always presents itself as something incredible and unexpected. No doubt Spinoza was right when he said, "A free man thinks of nothing less than of death,



and his wisdom is not a meditation upon death but upon life." But Whitman has demonstrated the power of a free man to find the blessedness of death as well as the blessedness of life. He alone hails it lovingly as a friend :—

"Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.

"Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise ! praise ! praise !  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome ?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come  
unfalteringly."

Towards the close of the war Whitman contracted blood-poisoning in the hospital, and thus, at 45 years of age, was stricken with the first serious illness of his life. He never quite recovered, although after a short interval he resumed his ministrations. When the war was over he obtained, successively, two offices under the American Government. From the first he was dismissed, because he was the author of *Leaves of Grass*, and Mr. Harlan, the head of his department, did not approve of the book ; and to the second, under the Attorney-General, he was appointed because of his dismissal from the first. Here he remained until 1873, when, at length, the hardship and sickness of the war time, followed as it was by too frugal living that he might have more to dispose in charity, laid him low with paralysis.

Whitman bore sickness and destitution in the same calm spirit with which he had met the many previous changes of his life. No longer able to be an active helper in the world, his time thenceforth, for several years, was spent away from cities ; and in the abounding life of the country he formed new ties of fellowship with animals, trees and flowers. Some of the best passages in his note books and poems relate to this period, and very touching are these records of the poet's simple life when, broken in health by labours of love among his fellow-men, he sought rest and, as far as might be, to renew the vigour he had

lost. Nature is always tender to a noble spirit, and she treated him well.

The enjoyment Whitman derives from nature, apart from man, is sensuous and something more. Nature is health-giving and restful, and appeals to his sense of beauty, but it also touches his spiritual sense. In the birds, insects, animals and trees he feels the presence of the same soul which he himself shares. "I have a positive conviction," he says, "that some of these birds fly and flirt about here for my especial benefit." For the sea he had a peculiar regard. Mr. Conway, who bathed with him, noticed that he fairly hugged the water. Passages throughout his works indicate this affection. He speaks of "the soothing rustle of the waves." He relates that when a boy he had a wish to write a poem about the sea-shore, "that suggestive dividing line, the solid marrying the liquid." But afterwards he felt that instead of making this his theme, it should be, rather, "an invisible influence" pervading his work. It is interesting to observe that the restful unrest and the vastness of the sea do typify his poems.

If Whitman does not deliberately claim to be *the Poet of the Modern*, assuredly he would not repudiate the title. He really accepts the mission when he says, "the modern man I sing;" and when, throughout his prose as well as his poetry, he proclaims how ample are the materials to his hand in the affairs of to-day, for the making of poems. Dr. Bucke, his intimate friend and truly able biographer, who plays Boswell to Whitman's Johnson, reports: "He said to me one day that he considered the most distinguishing feature of his own poetry to be 'its *modernness*—the taking up in their own spirit of all that specially differentiates our era from others, particularly our democratic tendencies.'" Hitherto feudalism or the system of the past had been the theme of poets. They sang of chivalry, of wars, warriors, and kings, nor does he discard these:

"In the name of the States, shall I scorn the antique?  
Why these are the children of the antique to justify it."

Nevertheless, Whitman's own theme shall be America, the type of the modern, built on the antique; and by America he means, not the actuality of to-day so much as the ideal world of energy, freedom, and advancement. Yet he believed that "this teeming nation of nations" was "essentially the greatest poem." Accordingly, he writes of America. Others have glorified man

in his hours of repose ; he will do this and more. The workman at the bench and the farmer in the field seem to him not less beautiful than the struggle and adventure chronicled by Shakspeare. The life of "the average man, in average circumstances," might, he believed, be "still grand—heroic." "We owe to genius," said Emerson, "always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlars." Man as a worker and the implements of his work are proper subjects for song :

" Ah little recks the labourer,  
How near his work is holding him to God,  
The loving Labourer through space and time."

Goethe affirmed that "at bottom no real object is unpoetical if the poet knows how to use it properly." Thoreau found the spirit of music in the telegraph-pole, but it remained for Whitman to write a poem—strikingly picturesque—"To a Locomotive in Winter," a "Song of the Broad Axe," and a "Song of Occupations," in which he says

" In the labour of engines and trades and the labour of fields I  
find the developments,  
And find the eternal meanings."

The chief difference between the poets of Chivalry and this poet of the Modern is a difference in their choice of illustrations. The former extolled honour and courage as displayed in battle ; Whitman also extols honour and courage, but finds it here to-day in the street and the workshop, and he considers these spheres for the exercise of virtue the most appropriate for celebration in the poetry of the living present. There were poets of the Modern before Whitman, though none of them sang on principle, so to speak, as he does. In truth, he fills an undue proportion of his books, not in singing the modern, but in singing about singing it. I think it was Mr. Ernest Rhys who first drew a comparison between Whitman and Burns. Burns was truly a "poet of the Modern" when in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," lifting the curtain from the common-place, he actually did, without any theories or announcements, sing "the modern man." Whitman, however, for the first time, treats man *working*, as a subject for poems.

I do not advise any one to read *Leaves of Grass* except as a whole. It would not be understood. Passages are easy to find

which, when detached, seem foolish or offensive but which in their proper place contribute to the harmony of the structure. When one of the editions was in preparation a friend of Whitman urged him to omit certain passages, saying, "What in the world do you want to put in that stuff for that nobody can read?" Whitman replied, "Well, John, if you need to ask that question it is evident, at any rate, that the book was not written for you;" a fitting answer to other objectors.

Nevertheless, John's difficulty was not unnatural. It does take time to find the key to this poetry, and the first impression is likely to be the least favourable. Startling departures from literary conventionalities must be overcome. The initial trouble is the peculiar form—a kind of rhythmic prose. It seems calculated to obscure rather to elucidate the author's meaning. If Whitman's sense of the ludicrous had been more keen, there are passages in his book which he would by no means have admitted. He is an exceedingly literal man, a fact which makes his work precise and careful; but had he been something of a humourist his language and his grouping of facts would not have been quite what they are.

Tested by scholastic rules, I suppose *Leaves of Grass* would not be called poetry at all. It does not obey the laws of prosody, yet musicians have affirmed that it does obey the laws of music. When, however, the key of the meaning is found, the propriety of the form is felt; it almost seems as though no other form would have served. A comparison between *Leaves of Grass* and the finest of Whitman's prose, shows that the former stands upon a level altogether higher than the latter. Here, as in all works of true power, the thought has created its own befitting form.

*Leaves of Grass* expresses a triune doctrine of Unity, Beauty, and Progression. It represents human nature as everywhere the same, and not human nature only, but animals, plants and what are called inanimate things also; it affirms that everything in its own place is beautiful, and that there is a tendency, through all, toward an unseen but certain goal. The "comradeship" insisted upon so untiringly by Whitman is the corollary. That which we feel to be akin to us stimulates sympathy; and if all things belong thus one to another, universal brotherhood must result. Furthermore, if all things, however lowly, have their appropriate place and task, contempt is out of the question. To us, henceforth, there can be nothing "common or unclean."

The poems of Whitman's earlier period are full of city life, and breathe the spirit of fellowship which characterized those ferry boat and omnibus jaunts and the familiar intercourse of the streets. They are, in essence, poems of comradeship and sexual love. In majestic chants he presents a vivid picture of this wonderful life of the world, its contrasts and antagonisms on the surface and the oneness underneath. He notes the sights and sounds of a great city—the carter, the factory girl, the president, the boatman, the conductor, all attending to their various avocations. While here the slave is sold in the market, there the infant is baptised in the Church; in one place a drunken prostitute curses a jeering crowd, while, not far off, a convert is "making his first profession." The singer is singing in the organ loft, and the children "ride home from their Thanksgiving dinner," even while, elsewhere, "the lunatic is carried at last to the asylum a confirmed case." Thus, pain and pleasure mingling, life proceeds, while a man of large heart watches it with the eyes of a poet, and perceives the kinship of one with another and of himself with all. "The known universe," he says, "has one complete lover, and that is the greatest poet." This is the Comradeship of which he speaks so often, and his ministrations to the outcast men and women in the city streets and the prisons, and to the wounded soldiers in the war-hospitals, testify to the sincerity of his belief in comradeship. "We believe only as deep as we live." He not only wrote but lived "the evangel poem of comrades and of love." His sympathy extends to those whom society excludes. They too are members of the human family, having claims upon him, —claims all the greater because of the greater need. Let others cast stones if they choose; he will treat them, not with the partiality and prejudice of men, but in the spirit of nature:

"Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you,  
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle  
for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you."

He sees through the husk of sin to the soul beyond, and is filled with pity. The surpassing tenderness, without a trace of morbidness, of the piece called "The City Dead House," lingers long in the memory, and the lesson of charity it instils will not be readily effaced.

Whitman, I have said, preaches *Beauty* also; the universal fitness of things. He does not choose the good and discard the



evil, but, shutting his eyes to nothing, he sees that the law of the universe is benefit. Failure! Evil! these are the reverse side, and as appropriate in their place as success and virtue in theirs:

"How perfect the earth and the minutest thing upon it!

What is called good is perfect, and what is called evil is just as perfect."

"The chief end I purpose to myself in all my labours," wrote Dean Swift, "is to vex the world rather than divert it." In the person of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," we have still amongst us a very different type of man, whose purpose is to divert the world rather than to vex it. Yet Swift to vex the world, and Holmes to entertain it, alike expose the weakness and folly of mankind. They discover to their fellow-men the unsavoury realities of human life, Swift the low aims and hypocrisy of men, and Holmes their defects of speech and manners. The method of Whitman is different. He does not show humanity to be either hideous or ridiculous. Swift and, in more superficial fashion, Holmes, regard man as vile, and expose the faults they see, with a desire, perhaps, for their removal. The bulk of persons seem to regard man as vile, and strive not so much to remove the vileness as to hide it. Whitman looks deeper and sees only the beautiful.

The other feature of Whitman's doctrine is *Progression*, the eternal onward march of the soul. Life is a development, onward, "for ever and for ever, longer than soil is brown and solid, longer than water ebbs and flows":

"This day, before dawn, I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven,

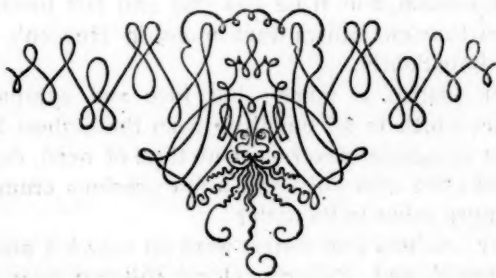
And I said to my spirit, *When we become the enfolders of these orbs,  
and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be  
fill'd and satisfied then?*

And my spirit said 'No.'"

To show to man the dignity of his calling, that his path through life is fair and that he has a noble destiny, is the best service which can be rendered to virtue. When these truths are understood, grossness in thought or deed becomes impossible. Such a doctrine as Whitman's leaves no room for doubt or misgiving. It summons men to put forth their best powers. It demands nothing less than perfect manhood and womanhood. To the key-note which it strikes, the chord in the human heart that will respond is nobility,—the love of divine things and the high aim.

In any final estimate of *Leaves of Grass*, it is necessary to take into account the fact that, in spite of peculiarities of style and thought, and of relentless opposition encountered from the first, the book has steadily made its way. Many, whose opinion cannot be despised, have thought well of it. Emerson, as we have seen, admired it at the beginning. A quarter of a century later, George Eliot, being induced, with some difficulty, to read it, found that it contained what was "good for her soul." Mr. Swinburne, in the days when he was himself a poet, wrote friendly greetings to Whitman, but he has recanted, and scolds him now like Dr. Peter Bayne. Among Whitman's personal friends were Bryant and Longfellow. Thoreau, after visiting him with Alcott in 1856, came to the conclusion that "We ought to rejoice greatly in him . . . he is a great fellow." No success or reputation ever gets itself established unless it is rooted in character. Whitman, like his book, is strong. It is himself that speaks, not the echo of another. Abraham Lincoln, seeing him pass, said, "Well, *he* looks like a man!" and it may be added, such a man purifies the age in which he lives.

WALTER LEWIN.



## “Aunt Hannah.”

EVERY one is the better for having a defined position, and I sometimes fancy mine must be the “good creature” of the family.

It is a large and scattered family, and gives ample scope for every kind of usefulness. Time was when I was the spoilt child of it; but years have hurried on, and the bright promise was early nipped in the bud by the death of my dear parents, privileged to pass away within twenty-four hours of each other.

As I left the churchyard where the sun shone softly down upon their undivided grave, and strove to realize that henceforward those true and tender hearts were sharers in the glorious sunshine of Eternal Day, I looked into the cold hard face of my eldest brother, and knew that the days of sympathetic love in my old home were over and done with for me. Robert was not unkind or unjust, but sympathy was a quality utterly wanting in his composition, and if he was just and fair towards others, what on earth could others want more, in Heaven’s name? he would ask impatiently.

Ah well, justice is much; but love and sympathy, what are they not worth in all our lives, from the highest lady in the land whose sympathy never fails in time of need, down to the little school child who will spare a few precious crumbs of cake for the hungry robin in its path?

My other brothers and sisters were all married and scattered over the world, and Robert’s eldest children were but a few years younger than myself, the youngest of their father’s generation.

For some years I lived on in the dear old home, and strove to be of what use I could. No one scrupled to make use of me, I am bound to say, and by degrees the family motto seemed to be, “Aunt Hannah will do it. *She* won’t mind.”

Did she mind? Sometimes I think she did.

The young ones were growing up, and to them my few additional years constituted, if not old age, at least advanced middle age. Little did they think, whilst their nimble feet whirled to Aunt Hannah's playing (I *could* play, and for many reasons threw my heart into doing my best for their dance music)—little did they think, I say, how my own shoes were twitching under the piano with a longing to be given a chance of a turn myself.

One night I overheard a slim young Guards-boy murmur to my niece—

"But, I say, won't your aunt be tired, playing so long?"

"Tired! Oh no, she won't mind," responded Edith. "She likes it."

I bent my head over the piano, and gulped down the choke that almost overpowered me as I steadily marked time in that valse tune of many memories. Up before the eyes of my memory rose that evening, seven years before, upon which my future life had seemed to hinge. I was twenty then, and had been for two years an inmate of my brother's home. I was twenty-seven now, and was still considered too young to have a home of my own by my elder relations, too old for young lady amusements by the younger generation.

So I steadily played on, and my thoughts floated away backwards to that evening I have hinted at. I saw once more a small, dark-haired girl, with hazel eyes and a far-away look in them, and over her bent a broad-shouldered, curly-headed young giant, whose voice trembled as he said, "God bless you, darling little Hannah, I will come to-morrow and see Robert and you."

But oh, Mike, Mike, why did you never come?—never, never and the next thing that I heard was that you had gone to India the following week, and the year after I heard that you were married. And oh, what had I done, what *had* I done, to deserve such a blow as this?

Had I misunderstood him? Good Heavens! had I shown that I thought he loved me, and he had meant nothing and taken fright, and done the most merciful thing he could by vanishing from out of my life?

Night and day I wearied myself to think out this agonizing puzzle. Speak to Robert, I dared not. What could he think of a girl who had admitted she loved some one, when the some one had too clearly not wished for her love?

Robert's wife was wrapped up in her babies, and on the only

occasion on which I had braced my heart to ask her advice, had answered me through the reigning infant: "Tell her see muttent be 'toopid and glum, my Tootseewootsee ; see mutt 'tum and play wiz oo, my precious, muttent see?"

Henceforward I fought my battle alone, and subsided into the long-suffering, placid Aunt Hannah, who was supposed "not to mind" the dreary bits of employment which all the others shirked.

Just when I had struck twenty-seven, my rich old godmother died, and to my surprise left to me a handsome slice of her fortune, coupling with it the command that I should take her name in place of my own. From Hannah Grey I became, therefore, straightway Hannah Sinclair. With my new name I furthermore asserted my independence, and set up for myself a little house in London. My dear old nurse took the lead in my household, and the first night that I established myself by my own fireside, and started as a free lone woman, I laid my head on her knees and cried as if my heart would break. Ailsie asked no questions, but stroked my head in silence. Some people are blessed with an instinctive sympathy and tact. My dear old Ailsie was one of them. We never once alluded to that evening in all the long years we spent together ; but somehow I think she had grasped more than I ever guessed.

By degrees my little home became the useful rendezvous of all the family. My hall was many a time filled with forbidding-looking females, all unsummoned by me, but "come by appointment to see Mrs. Grey about the cook's place, mum;" and presently a cab would pull up with a jerk, and my sister-in-law would bustle in, dropping brown-paper parcels from her arms: "So sorry, dear, I had no time to write, as Baby's teeth bothered him so, but I knew you wouldn't mind." Hardly any of the undesirable-looking women ever answered, so the same ceremony was repeated many a time.

I did not mind the women so much, but the out-of-place men-servants, I own, were a trial to me. Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Irishmen, all and sundry. They stood in rows, blocking up my little hall, and had been summoned by my niece Edith, to whom her mother had in most cases thrown the *Morning Post* and a heap of halfpenny cards, saying, "Write to any likely ones, and tell them to meet me to-morrow. Aunt Hannah won't mind, and Baby wants me now."

That little trouble, however, was put an end to in this



wise. One of the men turned out to have been a notorious burglar, and an attempt was made on my house, which failed, owing to the promptitude with which Ailsie had struck a light in the basement, whilst the footman locked himself securely into the pantry.

Robert was very kind about this, and peremptorily forbade any more appointments of the kind being made. He would see all men-servants at his own club in future.

So my life flowed evenly on for a year or two, and my nephews and nieces came and went, and my doors flew open to them heartily.

"Aunt Hannah," said Bobby one day, as he rushed in laden with an enormous hamper, "you won't mind this standing here just while I'm having luncheon, will you? It's only a badger a fellow has given me to take home. It's awfully jolly if you'd like to have it out."

"No thanks," I answered, with my pocket-handkerchief to my nose; "we can stand the hamper down in the area. It isn't exactly sweet, you know, Bobby."

"Not sweet! Why it's only a badger, and I can't stay long, because my train goes at three, don't you know?"

"But where's Tim?" I asked, looking beyond him to the empty hansom.

"Oh! by-the-bye, I forgot," he answered promptly. "Tim's sickening for the measles, they think, so mother thought he had better not go home; but as they won't keep him at old Blazer's," he continued, as he flung himself cheerily into an armchair in the sitting-room, "he is to follow by the next train, and mother wrote that she was sure you wouldn't mind if he came straight to you; but I was just to ask you, don't you know."

Here I burst out laughing, and Bobby looked critically but approvingly at me, with both hands on his knees.

"I say, Aunt Hannah," he blurted out, "I'm never sure about you. Sometimes I think you are seventy, and sometimes you look seventeen, that's what you look now. I don't believe you're half as old-maidish as the girls think you."

"Thank you, Bobby," I said, kissing his jolly fat cheek, "I don't feel like seventy yet, and what a dear old boy you will be when I am! But now about Tim. I was going to have a party to-night, and measles won't do well with that."

But it had to do, inasmuch as there was no time to put

off anybody, and "the party" got as far as my closed front door, where they were met by an affable policeman, on duty for the purpose at five shillings for the job, who informed them with bated breath that "there was h'infection in the 'ouse," and the grinding wheels were all that I heard of my guests for a long while afterwards.

One of them, wishing to combine kindness and caution, sent me a note of enquiry.

"DEAR HANNAH.—How is your nephew? but please, dear, don't send an answer."

Tim was a dear fellow, and I did not catch the measles. He too was complimentary and encouraging about my age and infirmities, and went so far as to wonder if I hadn't been rather pretty when I was young.

That night, as Ailsie was brushing my rebellious locks, I ventured on a timid enquiry. "Ailsie, dear," I said in wheedling accents, "was I ever at all nice-looking when I was young?"

"When you was *what*, my dearie?"

"*Young*, Ailsie—*young*."

"Well," answered the dear old thing, poising the brush in the air, "it is so long ago, you see, Miss Hannah; you can't expect me to throw my mem'ry back so far."

"Ah, don't tease me, Ailsie; I really want to know," I pleaded.

"Well, then, my dear, you was, and, what's more, you are; and that's the Gospel truth, and many's the one that thinks so—same as me."

Why should I care? and yet I did. It was not because I was too ugly, then, that Mike had escaped from me. Other people had at times talked nonsense to me, when my heart had been too weary to take much heed, and my sister-in-law had chidden me for not responding when the talkers had been eligible. All that seemed long ages ago, and now I was a solitary and moderately rich woman, with a house of my own, and a parrot and a terrier; and I could be, and was, of use to many of my family, whose unfailing motto was as of old—"she won't mind;" and no one guessed that I was glad I was not ugly. Had they been asked what my opinion might have been on the subject, they would have, as usual, believed me indifferent. If I passed as a "good creature," there were but a few steps to go to arrive at the fool, maybe. Tim's good opinion cheered me wonderfully, and I saw him start for home with thorough regret.

A few days later, the sweeps being in possession of the drawing-room, a telegram came announcing the arrival of one of my nieces for a violin lesson in my house, "if I did not mind." Hurriedly I had the piano rescued from upstairs and carried into my little front snugger; and, just as it was put into place by the awkward but willing helpers we had caught at a few moments' notice, my niece arrived, and with her came a graceful, ladylike girl, whose looks attracted me greatly.

"Ruth, this is Aunt Hannah," said my niece. "You didn't mind, did you, Aunt Hannah; we thought you would not; and Ruth plays my accompaniments so well. We always play together now."

I had been so long away from the old home, that I had fallen out of knowledge of the young people's friends; but, from Ruth's looks, was glad she should be one of them, whoever she might be.

The violin master came, and the lesson gave me intense pleasure. Ruth's accompaniment was perfect; and, as the violin was being carefully wiped and restored to its case, I begged her to "play me something—anything—whatever she loved best—Mendelssohn for choice, if she would." One after another she played my best loved old friends, and I turned impatiently when the footman opened the door and said, "a gentleman had called for the young lady with Miss Grey."

"My uncle," said Ruth, apologetically.

"Pray ask him to come in," I said; and the next moment Mike stood once more before me. He bowed a little shyly, and I, with my back to the window, stood spell-bound and silent.

Yes, it was Mike—huge, winsome, heart-breaking Mike; and I must greet him as best I might.

"Mr. Vivian," I faltered, "I—I had no idea it was you."

Two huge strides brought him to my side.

"Hannah!" he shouted, "Miss Grey! Why I was sent to a Miss Sinclair's! Have I come to the wrong house?"

The young people flew to him open-mouthed about this wonderful thing, and chattered, mercifully for me, till I had recovered my balance a little.

From time to time I felt his eye upon me, and grew a trifle hot and angry under it. Why should he look at me now in that way? He had been married for years, and I—well I had settled into my old-maid ways—and I had "got over it," as the saying goes.

As if we ever lost "the marks of that which once had been."

As they all trooped out together, he turned back at the door, and grasping my hand tightly, said, "why did you say 'not at home,' nine long years ago?"

"I *didn't*!" I exclaimed, indignantly, in a stifled voice, "you never came."

"*Didn't* I?" he answered, and then he was gone.

That night I slept not at all. Backwards and forwards that refrain rang in my ears, "Didn't I?" "Didn't I?" Oh Mike, oh, faithful large-hearted Mike, have I been wronging you all these years? Did you come, did you?—and I never knew it—and now it is too late.

Does she love you, I wonder, as I did—as I do, God help me; I must live it down and crush it under foot, but for this one night I will allow myself the joy of knowing that he did come—he did come: the rest I cannot even guess at.

Happy, miserable, restless, and yet soothed, I came down next morning and found I could settle down to nothing in the way of business. The piano stood where it had been placed the day before for the girls, and after many vain efforts to attend properly to writing which ought to have been done, I wandered up to it and sat me down listlessly, trying to pick up the thread of all that child's sympathetic fingers had done such full justice to; and as I played, my heart grew lighter, and by degrees my Mendelssohns modulated off into lighter music, and I found myself beating time once more with my foot to that Waldteuffel Valse which had been dearer to me than all beside. How I played! I threw my heart, my whole heart into it; and as I came to the final chord, I suddenly flung my arms upon the desk in front of me and burst into such a passion of weeping as I had never in all my life given way to. How long I wept I do not know; but I know that, then and there, I prayed with all my might for strength to root out, for good and all, this cruel absorbing, disgraceful love, and rising with one last strangled sob and a firm determination that not another should escape me now or ever again, I saw the door opening quietly, and in one moment Mike had hold of both my hands. In vain I tried to pull them away. They were gently but firmly gripped, and his dear voice spoke rapidly in agitated loving tones.

"Don't speak, darling; I know what you think. Let me speak first, for the sake of the dear old times. Let me clear up

matters first. I am not the blackguard you think me—God forbid. Sit down, and let me speak."

What could I do but obey him? I sat down, and as he spoke my heart leaped and danced within me till I could have shouted for joy, and yet I felt ashamed of my delight. For had he not gone through deep waters, dear fellow? The poor little frivolous childish wife had lived but one year, but had wrought such havoc in his life in that short time, that it were more charitable to tell nothing of it to any who did not know the miserable story already. Peace be with her, poor thing. I need think of her no more.

Then came the explanation of our own misfortunes. He had gone straight from my door the previous evening down to the dear old home to see my brother, and arrive at that explanation. It was simple enough.

My good sister-in-law, on that eventful morning nine years before, had been frightened about one of her infants, and had bidden the servants to admit no one.

"Not for the young ladies, mum? not for Miss Hannah?" the butler had asked; and she in all simplicity, poor soul, had said and believed "Miss Hannah will not wish to see any one either," and so the answer had been given full in his face when Mike had called.

"Miss Hannah Grey *not at home*? You are *sure*?" he had asked incredulously.

"Quite sure, sir; my h'orders was that Miss Hannah, pertickler, didn't wish to see no one who might call. Mr. Grey, sir? Mr. Grey is h'out."

The story had taken long to tell, but I hung upon every word of it, and as it came to an end, the honest loving grey eyes looked full into mine, and my hands were once more imprisoned. "You know my story now, my darling; if I thought that you could—that you would—"

"Bless you! *She* won't mind," broke in upon us in hoarsely confidential tones, and springing up we faced round towards the window whence came the startling sounds.

Mike's protecting arm was round me in an instant, and Polly, swinging violently head downwards from the ring inside his cage, shrieked aloud. "Hannah! Hannah!! You don't mind, do you?"

And this time I didn't!



## The Log of the "Sarah Simmons."

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THE art of navigation—not that which is the bane of midshipman and lieutenant on board Her Majesty's fleet—but navigation pursued in a small boat on inland waters, is a totally different one from that of oarsmanship. A man may learn to row very well at one of the Universities, or in a London club; may in fact help to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, and yet be totally ignorant of the art of navigation. I have known many "beefy" persons who made splendid No. 5's in the best crews, who yet would have been quite helpless if put in a boat by themselves, and told to navigate it twenty miles up-stream. This art is perhaps best learnt by very early training and practice on the river in all sorts of boats, from a canal barge to a canoe. Schoolboys who have the good fortune to be educated on a river generally pick up a good deal of knowledge of navigation. They are more apt to poke about in odd corners, and to get upset, than men who take to rowing later in life; and the art of being upset well is a very important branch of navigation. I include among its other branches a certain amount of knowledge of natural history: botany, ornithology and geology should be especially studied by the would-be navigator, for it is very delightful to know the names of the flowers and birds that you meet on the banks of a strange river, and sometimes really useful to be able to tell by the shape of a bank or the configuration of the bottom of the stream, where the deepest channel will lie. Any one who talks to an ordinary bargeman for twenty minutes on any of these subjects will generally find that he knows a great deal more about them than most educated people, though he is often as wrongheaded and crotchety on such subjects as on others, and nearly always positive, and contemptuous of any opposite opinion. Calmness of temper and a very strong pair of

forearms are the other great requisites for an inland navigator. He should never be in a hurry, and he should always be able to lift or drag his boat, even single-handed if necessary, over any ordinary obstruction.

I am afraid that I can lay claim to none of these requisites, with the exception of an acquaintance with the river Thames, dating from my earliest boyhood, which has ripened into an affection for it that knows no bounds, and that is gradually extending itself so as to include nearly all inland waters, navigable or unnavigable. I have little excuse, however, for writing the following pages, except that they may possibly induce some reader who is wondering how to spend his next *early* summer holiday, to try a little Navigation. The fact is a boat can go in a great many more places than people think : and there are hundreds of miles of unfurrowed waterways in England, on which a very little measure of contempt for difficulties would enable the tourist to enjoy much quiet beauty of scenery in a far more peaceful way than by tramping along the high road with a big stick and a knapsack ; to say nothing of risking his neck on a bi- or tri-cycle. Moreover, the waterways have this advantage, that your married tourist can always take his wife, and take her in great comfort, and if he is in need of any stimulus to give him a little pleasurable excitement, he can teach her to steer ; which, supposing she is a novice at the art, and the river at all intricate, will often produce some animated conversation.

The "Sarah Simmons" is what is technically called at Oxford a wherry—a very different kind of boat, however, from the Portsmouth wherry as described in Mr. Robert Leslie's delightful 'Sea Painter's Log,' and more approaching that which is called at Richmond bridge a pair-oared skiff. She is about sixteen feet long, and four feet wide at the stroke thwart. Once she was light, but being built of deal, and being eight years old, she has lost her figure to a certain extent, and become slightly dropsical or waterlogged. Therefore she was by no means the ideal boat for such a journey as that which she has recently made. At the same time in an old boat one is less careful about snags, scrapings on stones, &c.

The journey which I am about to narrate was from Oxford by the Cherwell to Heyford, thence by canal to Warwick, thence by the Avon to Tewkesbury, by the Severn to Gloucester, by the Berkeley, Stroudwater, and Thames and Severn canals to

Lechlade, and by the Thames back to Oxford again. It would have been better to begin upon the Oxford canal, a little lower down than we began, say at Kirtlington, where there is a good junction with the river Cherwell. I think in that case such a journey could be performed with great comfort in about twelve days; the canal travelling is naturally somewhat slow, owing to the number of locks. And it should emphatically be undertaken at least a month earlier in the year than my voyage, as the weeds and want of water in the Thames and Severn canal, and in the upper Thames itself, proved a great hindrance as the reader will see. Circumstances compelled me to return frequently to Oxford, so that I didn't make the journey all in one piece; and in fact it was begun in a series of afternoon rows without any intention of going the whole way.

We left Oxford on the first day at about twelve o'clock and rowed to Islip, one able-bodied sculler, one passenger, and one dog. At Islip, seven miles from Oxford, one has to haul the boat over a mill, but there is always some one about to give a hand. It is a very delightful sensation and one that goes far to compensate for the tug against the stream, when you get on to a reach of river of much higher level than that which you have left, and get at once a more extended view of the country, which you could perhaps but imperfectly see before. The characteristic of the lower Cherwell is its great depth and placidity, and the beautiful willows which shade its banks on both sides, in many places forming almost an arch over the stream. They were just cutting the first hay when we started; it was June 13th, and the smell from the fresh meadows was delicious. From Islip to Kidlington is about as perfect a bit of meadow scenery as one could wish: there is a pretty rustic bridge at Kidlington separating that from the opposite village of Hampton Poyle, where we determined to have our tea. The village inn proving unattractive, owing to the importunities of a gentleman of the agricultural profession, who was anxious to show his hospitality by sharing his beer with the passenger, who is of the gentler sex, drove us to a neighbouring farm-house to ask if they would give us a little tea to put in a bottle which we always carry with us, it being my opinion that tea cold or hot is infinitely preferable to all other drinks, when one is rowing any distance and the weather is hot. Instead of this the family at the farm-house invited us to join their own tea party, as they were just sitting down. Such courtesy and hospitality forbids all criticism of

the splendidly heaped board. May their names, which unfortunately we never learned, live long in the land! Several awkward shoals occur between this place and Kirtlington, but two miles below that place the river effects a junction with the Oxford canal and becomes broad and deep again, and a most lovely reach it is. You pass right between the two pretty churches of Hampton Gay and Shipton-on-Cherwell, and see on the one side the blackened shell of a beautiful Elizabethan manor-house belonging to Wadham College, which was burnt a few weeks ago, and on the other the quiet churchyard, where sleep the victims of the awful railway accident of Christmas Eve, 1873. At Enstone bridge we left the boat for the night and returned by train to Oxford. Two days afterwards, on arriving at about one o'clock, we found, according to the evidence of a crowd of rustics, that a "ship" had got into the boat in the night, and that we were expected to allow them to drink our healths, in respect of their having hoisted him out again, and of some possible anxiety caused to the "ship" at his awkward position. On the contrary we argued they ought to pay us for allowing their nasty "ship" to get into our boat and possibly injure it: especially as he had left a good deal of his wool behind him, besides a general odour of wet "ship" which was decidedly unpleasant. As misfortunes never come singly, it happened that we broke our rudder in dragging the boat over the next mill, but Providence sent a bit of rope and a handy marlingspike on the bank, with which we patched it up again successfully. Beyond this the day's voyage was uneventful, until towards evening the shallows and cataracts increased to a troublesome extent; and after passing under the beautiful lawns and walks of Rousham Park we determined to take to the canal, having by this time developed the passion for exploration so far as to think seriously of going on at least to Warwick. Much relieved we were to be upon those smooth, placid waters, and to glide along to Aynho, ascending through only three locks in six miles, which is pretty good for a canal. There again we left her and returned to Oxford. Aynho was having a Jubilee, and so the wharfinger was absent; a most respectable-looking old lady, at a smiling little inn, had accordingly agreed to take charge of our "things" (i.e. cushions, sculls, etc.), which of course must always be put in somebody's charge for the night. But when on arrival on the third day we found the boat lifted out of the water and reposing on the lawn of

the said inn, exposed to the baking sun, we instituted an enquiry into the reason why. From which it transpired that Mr. Landlord being at feud with Mr. Wharfinger, had been paddling about in the boat by himself and generally having a good time of it: in short, the whole village came down to tell us of his crimes, and very nearly put him into the canal. We rowed that afternoon as far as Cropredy Bridge, where on a certain eventful night in June 1644, Sir W. Waller, "marching out of Worcestershire with what speed he could to find His Majesty," did find him "lying in the field half-a-mile east of Banbury, the river of Cherwell being between the two armies." Whereupon ensued, as we know, a hot dispute for the bridge and the ford below. The Earl of Cleveland, who commanded the horse for the King, finally succeeded in driving Waller back over the bridge, but only on to the heights on the opposite side. Clarendon, however, thinks—as he does, by the way, in most cases—that this was *the* grand opportunity lost by the King, who might have "destroyed that army without fighting," if he had followed up the success of Cropredy. Instead of this he chose to follow Essex, with what result we know. From Cropredy the Passenger was obliged to return to Oxford by train, and I not being under such necessity, pursued the journey alone the next day past Fenny Compton wharf, famous in the annals of the Bicester and South Warwickshire hounds, for which it is a common meet. Near here one enters Warwickshire, and the true Midland scenery begins; the rolling undulations of meadow-land dotted here and there with bits of gorse and small coppices and pretty big timber fences. Houses grew fewer and fewer as I advanced slowly, and against a head wind along the eleven-mile "pound," that forms the summit level of the Oxford canal. I should say incidentally that in the phraseology of navigation a "pond" or "pound" is that portion of a river or canal that lies between two locks; and that a "pound lock" is one with double gates, as opposed to the old-fashioned lock with but one gate, that prevailed on the Thames in the early years of the last century, and of which we saw two or three examples on the Avon. How fat and contented the cattle look in those rich meadows! How peaceful the barges, as one passes them sitting or standing in that peculiar hole in the stern of their craft, which seems designed to accommodate all portions of the human body at once in a luxurious position!

Let me here bear testimony to the exceeding good-nature



of this long-maligned race of men. I must have passed some hundreds in the course of this voyage, and certainly must have been at different times assisted by twenty or thirty of them; and in the immense majority of cases they were *bonhomie* itself. I should, perhaps, draw a distinction between those on the Oxford canal, which is a very prosperous concern, and those upon the Thames and Severn, which is not: the latter have their tempers very sorely tried sometimes, as the reader will see if he has the patience to follow me so far, while the former probably earn really good wages from the steadiness of their trade. This trade is chiefly in Staffordshire pottery, which comes from Wednesbury and Wolverhampton, and in the brittle kinds of coal which come from the Moira and Gresley collieries; such articles being extremely liable to be broken and damaged when carried by rail. Indeed evidence was given before a Parliamentary Committee in 1864 and 1865 of the extreme superiority of water carriage in respect of these two articles over land carriage; and one witness went so far as to state that the loss on the value of coals of this nature, when carried by rail, was not less than thirty per cent. One is tempted with regard to the bargemen to wonder whether a piece of evidence given by another witness before the same Committee, to the effect that "the Thames and canal barges had of late years become much more civilized, and at the same time more lazy," is entirely true. He rather attributed this to the slackness of trade, which had set in on the Thames before 1864, and one is thereby irresistibly reminded of that picture in *Punch* wherein the son of the family having just been knocked down by his father, who has been a strict teetotaler and very civil during a depression of trade, exclaims with delight, "Trade must have revived; father is once more mops and brooms!"

At about four o'clock I reached the end of the summit level at Napton, from whence a branch of the canal goes to Warwick, a distance of something over twelve miles; but as this place was six miles from a railway, I negotiated with a happy, sleepy bargee, who was waiting to go through the lock, that he should carry the boat on board his barge to Warwick for five shillings, and put her on the Avon; resolving to go there and meet her at the first opportunity. The six-mile walk to Southam Road station was not nice, of course, but the tea at Southam was. Southam is an awkward shaped old market town with very red roofs and a fine big church, but, so far as I am aware, occurs

only once in history, and that was when Tom Brown and his companions, driving in uproarious fashion home from Rugby for the holidays, "ran over nothing but an old pig in Southam Street."

When we next took the water it was with very different feelings; we had just left Warwick Castle and Leycester's Hospital, about which, not being a guide-book, I will say nothing. You can't row through the grounds of Warwick Castle as was formerly the case; this being one of the many beautiful sights of which 'Arry in his mad career has deprived less wanton travellers; the view of the castle from the river must be magnificent, judging of the view of the river from the castle. We had our boat carted through the town on to the Barford road, and there embarked upon the spacious bosom of the Avon. Here again you have quite a distinct river. The foliage on the bank is far grander, the whole thing "done" on a bigger scale, than on our little Cherwell and upper Thames. I missed much my favourite water-flowers, the comfrey, willow-herb, and white water-lilies, but the flora of the Avon is no doubt more extensive and more varied than that of the Thames; and the flowers are decidedly bigger; loosestrife, purple toadflax, skullcap, and yellow lilies attain there a size unknown to us. One rare flower, which we still have on the Thames, I saw nowhere else, the *Villarsia*, though it is possible as it does not bloom until late in July that I may have overlooked the leaves. One wonders much that there are so few fine houses built on the banks of the Avon, and that no attempt has been made to keep open the navigation, even for pleasure purposes. It was declared to be a navigable river, as far as Warwick at least, by order in council in the reign of King James I., and there are traditions about its having been navigable up to Coventry. Perhaps one great cause of the decay of the weirs and locks—for are there remnants of old locks the whole way down, and these quite recently disused between Stratford and Evesham—is that the river is in the summer so deep down between its banks that there must be less danger from winter floods than there is upon the Thames. The millers in fact upon the Avon seem to have it all their own way, and, the weirs have been converted into a series of tumbling bays which, when the river is low, make the dragging of a boat over a very easy matter; for one slides her gently down the incline with very little trouble beyond that of taking off one's shoes and socks.

I think that if I were to describe the course of the Avon from Warwick to Tewkesbury there might be a danger of my trespassing on the province of the guide-book. It is really a very wild river; Charlecote Park is practically the one fine place we saw. The only obstructions worth mentioning which we encountered, were four mills between Warwick and Stratford, and if my memory serves me, seven between Stratford and Evesham, unless indeed the village bull of Wasperton, who made an onslaught on the Passenger while the boat was being dragged over a mill, can be reckoned among obstructions. We slept at the "Golden Lion" at Stratford, a most charming little inn for those who do not care about a big *table d'hôte*, and half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter. At the "Golden Lion" there are "no but lasses," and very active good lasses they are, and the omelettes are beyond praise. We saw of course the sights of Stratford—the house, the museum, and above all the church: it is rather incongruous to be charged sixpence for going into an ordinary parish church, but let us tread lightly and not speak lightly in the presence of that Immortal Dust. Bredon Hill, a striking northern spur of the Cotswolds, was our companion nearly the whole way from Stratford to Tewkesbury; it is astonishing how unable the Avon seems to be to get rid of that frowning eminence. At Evesham the pious constitutional historian will search in vain for the spot where Simon de Montfort's mangled remains were laid: the only thing left standing of the Abbey is the splendid tower which the last abbot built in 1532, presumably from the same feelings that induced certain Oxford Colleges to begin building vigorously on the approach of the late Royal Commission—i.e. lest there should appear in their books too favourable a balance of "divisible revenue." The monks apparently bequeathed to the neighbourhood their taste for gardening, for the whole valley is one vast market garden for a mile each side of Evesham. The Abbey of Pershore (which the benighted Hwiccian insists on pronouncing as if it were the country of His Majesty the Shah) is less known, but really much finer, than Tewkesbury, although only the choir is now left. Sir Gilbert Scott tried his hand on it, and on the whole was merciful. It is rather a long day's row from Evesham to Tewkesbury—perhaps twenty-eight miles; but there are locks instead of weirs, though one has to open them oneself. Happy is he whose key or winch fits their stubborn sluices easily! I had bought mine for one shilling and sixpence from a bargee on the Oxford canal, and it did happen to fit, but such is

not always the case. As we neared Tewkesbury and shook off our old friend Bredon Hill, we became aware of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Cheltenham disporting itself on the river. We stopped at the "Swan" inn at Tewkesbury, but on seeing the "Old Bell" regretted our choice: we had further reason to regret it in the night, as a company of artillery were quartered in our immediate neighbourhood and marched at four A.M. not without much bugling. Besides the Abbey, (which who shall describe? did not Milton play on that organ? has not even a would-be professor of the science of mediæval colour failed to spoil, if not failed to deface it?) we saw, by the courtesy of Mr. Collins, his lovely fifteenth-century house, where *they say* Prince Edward of Lancaster was murdered after the battle in 1471. But Shakespeare (Rich. III. act v. scene iii.) does not specify, and Philip de Comines, the intelligent contemporary foreigner, on whose evidence we are nowadays always taught to rely, says he was killed in the battle. As early a start as these visits and our broken sleep permitted, brought us *viâ* the Severn to Gloucester by about three o'clock. I can't single out this particular part of the Severn for beauty, but all rivers are beautiful. The massiveness of the gates of the one lock we had to pass shows that Sabrina when she is angry is capable of most unfeminine feats of strength. Just before Maisemore, of whose pretty church and bridge we only caught a glimpse, as they are on the weir stream, we turned to the left hand, and after going about a mile deep down between the banks, suddenly became aware of the *snowy* tower of Gloucester glittering in the sun. From some points of view this most beautiful cathedral looks, as they expressively say in America, "bang white."

Arrived at Gloucester, I thought of sending the "Sarah" by barge—train would be undignified, besides possible shakings to her poor old sides—as far as Lechlade; but when I went to enquire when a barge would be going through the Thames and Severn canal, I found that I had betrayed all my ignorance at once. The wharfingers literally gaped at me; no barges could get through now. "Well, but the canal is still in existence, isn't it?" "Oh, yes, it's still in existence. Bill, how long is it since you've seen a 'Thames and Severn' along here?" "Oh, I don't know; there was a 'Berks and Wilts' here in May" (barges plying on these respective canals presumably intended). "Well," said I, "is the canal open?" "Yes, I believe it's open, but you had better enquire at Stroud." Days were getting

precious, and my back was to a certain extent put up by these gentlemen, so I said that I would go through in my boat myself, which seemed to them an easy way out of the difficulty, as far as they were concerned ; though they were not slow to prophesy that I should never get through. The first thing to do is to "lock in" to Gloucester basin ; and as the lock takes about half an hour to fill, there is plenty of time for contemplation and for being contemplated by a considerable proportion of the idle population of the city of Gloucester. I must own that one of the objectionable parts of travel on unknown rivers, is the interest one excites among small boys, who always crowd to look over the edge of a lock and not unfrequently run along the bank for a mile or more, panting out personal remarks. Perhaps if I possessed that equanimity which I defined as a necessity for the inland navigator, I shouldn't mind this so much ; as it is, I generally feel a longing to duck a few of my tormentors. One emerges first upon the Berkeley ship canal, a magnificent piece of water about forty yards wide, between two rows of masts, chiefly of small brigs and brigantines from various English and Baltic ports. Their trade seems to be wholly in timber, for the wharfs on the non-towing-path side are piled with beautiful sawn timber for more than a mile ; and as one draws away, the white cathedral tower rises higher and higher above the ships, making the whole thing a very pretty scene. The wind was blowing hard from the S.W., and as I was now again alone and anxious to get to Stroud that night (for in the vanity of my heart I contemplated reaching Lechlade on the Thames the next day), I engaged a brawny sailor to tow me as far as the junction with the Stroudwater canal, eight miles. The sensation of reclining back peacefully and yet going against the wind at a good steady four miles an hour was truly delicious, and as we left the town behind the scenery got more and more lovely. The canal runs almost parallel to the Severn, but a good twenty feet above it, and in some places nearly a mile away ; and as we spun along I recalled very vividly the dictum of a dear friend of mine, who knew the waterways of England better than any man of his time, with whom I made many a pleasant inland voyage, and who often spoke to me of this one, always saying that the Berkeley canal was the finest piece of artificial water in the kingdom. He has passed into that paradise where there is no more sea, but indeed a river of crystal, and has left many a precious heritage of truths, aquatic and other, behind to those



that knew and loved him. About half way between Gloucester and the junction there is an excellent little public-house called "The Pilot," where my beast of burden, or rather traction, and I both had some beer and bread and cheese as it was rather problematical at what hour I might reach Stroud, and I generally act upon Captain Dalgetty's principle. We passed several strings of barges, and one or two biggish vessels being towed up to Gloucester by steam tugs, which didn't seem, however, to be in the least out of harmony with the scene, as they undoubtedly do on a river.

At about seven o'clock I reached the junction, and began my ascent towards home. There are no locks on the Berkeley, which runs away S.W. to Sharpness Point, and I had only a toll of one shilling and eightpence to pay on entering Gloucester lock. But the Stroudwater canal is quite another thing; there are, if my memory serves me, about ten locks, and a toll of ten shillings for going seven miles; and worse than this, I discovered that if I didn't reach the middle lock by sunset, I could get no further; as that lock is padlocked and no one allowed to go through after sunset: the theory being, I suppose, that a careless bargee might let the sluices run, and waste the water if allowed to go through in the dark. There are lockmen stationed at about every four locks, and they are generally willing to lend you a hand, but not obliged to do so. So I put on the steam, having taken leave of my sailor; and being now favoured by the wind, managed to reach the desired spot in time; and very lucky it was that I did, for I found that my winch would not fit the locks any more, and I had to buy a new one for the moderate sum of one shilling from the lock-keeper. The Stroud canal is more than comfortably broad enough for a pair of sculls, but of course being intended only for narrow barges—generally about seven feet wide—it has not the proportions of the Berkeley. I struggled gamely with the big locks in the gathering twilight, but was still what they were pleased to call two miles from Stroud when I arrived at a lock that was unexpectedly padlocked; as it was about 9.30, I left the boat there and set out to walk the two miles. They were long specimens of their kind, for I know that I walk considerably over four miles an hour, and I was not in Stroud until 10.30. Barges of course go regularly to Stroud and even to Brimscomb, some four miles further on the Thames and Severn canal; so that when I told the old woman at the lock, where I left the boat, to

send her up in charge of a barge the first thing the next morning, I did not expect to find that two men had rowed her up, and demanded four shillings. They didn't get it, or half of it, and consequently vented their feelings after the fashion of Dr. Tanner, which affected me little. I started through the "black country," which extends from Stroud to Brimscomb, with a light heart at about eight o'clock, having discovered (1) that there was a toll of thirty shillings to pay on this, the Thames and Severn canal; (2) that it was twenty-eight miles and three-quarters to Lechlade, instead of twenty-two, as a fallacious new book which I had read at Oxford led me to believe; (3) that there were twenty-six locks up to the summit level at Sapperton and fifteen down from thence to Lechlade; (4) that there was very little probability of getting through at all—*δηθεν*—as there were no end of barges stuck at about the top of the canal for want of water. However, it wouldn't have done to let the blaspheming miscreants, who had brought the boat up from the lock below, or the considerable gaping crowd of mill hands, think that I didn't know all this; so I started, and by about the fourth lock had managed to shake off all but a few friendly fellows who were walking along the towpath to their work, and who were kind enough to give me a hand at several of the locks. Nothing but mills and factories, till Brimscomb basin, and a few of them are scattered along the whole way till within about a mile of Sapperton; but, gentle reader, think of twenty-six locks in seven miles and each lock with an average fall of about thirteen feet! You grumble, perhaps, at Teddington and Moulsey with their smooth runners and beautifully oiled sluices, if you are a Londoner; if you are an Oxford man you say why can't those confounded Dons have a slip made at Sandford Weir? Try the Thames and Severn and you won't grumble again. The sense, however, of getting up and up is very pleasant indeed. And just after Brimscomb I overtook, to my great astonishment, three gentlemen in canoes. They were camping out and taking photographs, and had come all the way from Hereford in these vessels. I wondered at first why they didn't lift their canoes over the locks, and so pay only half the toll, and save no end of time; but some time after, when we had to make a portage of all the boats, and I assisted them to carry their canoes over, I ceased to wonder, for they were nearly as difficult to lift and quite half as heavy as the "Sarah Simmons" herself. We voyaged in

company for the greater part of the day, and very kind and courteous to me they were. Bad grew the weeds after Brimscomb, the worst enemy of the sculler whose back is turned the way he is going ; and ever worse they grew as we neared the summit. After you leave the last mills behind, you emerge on the back of Lord Bathurst's park at Oakley, and from this point to the end at Lechlade the canal has at least what an objectionable æsthete of my acquaintance used to call the "beauty of decay." So startling is this beauty that it is by no means unusual to find the channel narrowed to a space of ten feet between the weeds which cover the mudbanks, even where they don't spread all over the space between ; and as the width of a "boat" (*sc.* a canal boat or barge) is seven feet, one may see that little room is left for turns, &c. So far as I could observe, the principal engine on which the bargees rely for effecting a passage is their tongue, which is capable of pouring into the air more oaths per minute than the number of gallons of water which the pumping-engine at Thames Head is capable of pouring into the canal in the same time ; although this last was said, by a witness before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Thames Navigation in 1865, to be two thousand. It does not apparently suit the purpose of the present owners of this poor canal to use the engine at all, for there were barges stuck at various stages on the Stroud side of the summit, waiting for water. I suppose, poor fellows, they had practically given it up, for they were not even swearing. Just as we have in sight of the summit, at which is situated Sapperton village, we descried seven locks all of a row—a very ladder of locks ; and as there was a barge actually stuck in five out of the seven, where by the way they have no right whatever to lie, I represented to my friends in the canoes, who were rather inclined to pitch their tent, and wait a month till it rained, that it would be advisable to make friends with the bargees, and lift all our boats up the hill of difficulty, which accordingly we did. The bargees harnessed two pretty brown donkeys to my boat, and we kept her on an even keel as the patient beasts drew upwards along the path. The canoes we carried on our shoulders, two men to each vessel, and it was then that I ceased to regret piquantly the weight of my own boat. At Sapperton we devoured with much relish, for it was already 3.30, and I had only come seven miles since eight o'clock, such fare as Sapperton was capable of affording us, after having five barges

quartered upon it for ten days, which was, in fact, hot broiled bacon of portentous thickness. It was July the 8th and the thermometer eighty-seven in the shade; while eating that meal, I mentally resolved, being a guardian of the poor, to raise the standard of workhouse bacon next quarter. At about four o'clock we set out, and immediately entered the famous Sapperton tunnel, which is two and a quarter miles long, to which Pope refers in an often-quoted letter to Lord Bathurst, written when the canal was still, as it was for over one hundred and twenty years, merely a project; wherein he speaks of the "subterranean caverns out of which" the Thames—only of course he stupidly calls it the Isis—is to be made "to rise, and celebrate his marriage with the Severn in the midst of a magnificent amphitheatre," &c. &c. The "Sarah" led the way into the tunnel with a lamp at her masthead, borrowed from the canoeists, with her convoy of three following. We entered in safety, in spite of the extreme energy of a gentleman armed with a long pole, who, like one of the giants in Bunyan, guarded the mouth of the valley, and who had some cock-and-bull story about its not being the "turn" for passing that way, and that we should be crushed to death by a barge that was coming through. The giant's aim was probably to extort money for letting us go through at all; and we carried on the argument at considerable advantage, when we had eluded his grasp and got a little way into the darkness, for he had to put his head over the edge, and shout strange oaths at our retreating forms. We met the barge when we were only a little way in, and of course there was plenty of room. Poor bargee! he went on his way to join the crews of the other five, and they must certainly have killed another pig at Sapperton. The first real difficulty was punting the boat through the tunnel, and this I must own is extremely tiring. The canoeists could have passed me over and over again, but they were kind enough to keep behind until we sighted daylight, so that I might have the advantage of their lamp. It took exactly an hour getting through; and, "when at length we opened our swimming eyes to light," it was obvious that all hope of reaching Lechlade that night was at an end. The canoeists rested outside the tunnel, and I sculled on, but soon became aware of the painful narrowness of the channel, so much so, that in some places there wasn't room for my sculls by quite two feet. Luckily a boy on the towpath going home from his work came to my aid, and he undertook to tow me as far as

Siddington, where the descent begins, about five miles from where I then was, for the moderate remuneration of one shilling. He went very slowly, however, and after about three miles repented of his bargain; and said he was tired. "Very well, my boy," said I, "get into the boat and I will tow." Of this, however, he was "feared"; but I explained to him as well as I could in English that "*necessitas non habet legem*;" and he acquiesced in much terror. Though he had lived on the canal all his life he had never been in a boat. This ignorance, however, I soon found was common to all the rustics on the banks. Arrived at Siddington, I let the boat through the first four locks, in spite of the fact that the first one was already padlocked. "Shuts up at sunset, we does," said the surly lock-keeper. I pointed triumphantly to a full quarter of the orb of day still flaming above the horizon, and demanded passage in the Queen's name. To my astonishment he acquiesced, and took off the padlock. I found very comfortable, if homely, quarters at the "Greyhound Inn" at Siddington, and rose with the lark the next morning, to perform the remaining thirteen miles of the distance to Lechlade, if possible in time for the 2.40 train thence. The canal is much wider from this point onwards, so that trouble was at an end; but a new, and if possible worse, enemy met me after about a mile: they had been *cutting the weeds*! Now the weeds in a canal don't mean merely what one sees on the surface, but a peculiar thick green slime which adheres to the bottom, and which when cut and floated up, clings around your oar like a sargasso sea. The actual progress I made through this was under a mile an hour, and again I must inevitably have been stopped, if I had not met a man who undertook to tow me to Latton, where the North Wilts canal joins the Thames and Severn. He towed with a will, and left me with less than seven miles to do in four hours, and only three locks. For the first three miles all went well, if very slowly, for the weeds had not been cut, or if cut, had been cleared away; but a mile or so above Kempsford the *persicaria* formed a terrible network over the stream, and when I arrived there I was amazed to find that I had only two hours left and over three miles to do. The offer of a splendid shilling at the inn at Kempsford produced not only a boy, but a boy and a horse; which imparted a new element of excitement to my somewhat jaded spirits; for the horse had a trick of suddenly breaking into a canter, as he was towing, which nearly upset the very small boy who bestrode him barebacked, and far



more nearly jerked me out of the boat ; I was obliged to stand up, and as far forward as I conveniently could while holding the rudder lines, as otherwise the water came in over the stern. The pace, however, was glorious. At the last lock but one Fate tried her last card against Ulysses, for my boat, which I had guided successfully through such a number of dangers, got jammed across owing to my carelessness, just as the lock was nearly empty, and the water fell away from under her. There were two courses open ; one was to fill the lock again, which would have taken ten minutes ; the other to undress and swim in and lift her off her uncomfortable rest, which did not take three. No damage was done, and I gave up my ticket and dismissed my boy at the last lock ; and the old "Sarah" danced for joy as she touched once more the waters of her native Thames.

From Lechlade to Oxford the journey is of course often made, though not nearly so often as it deserves to be. This bit of the Thames has a peculiar charm of its own, but the weird grey flats, stretching for miles on each side of the river, tenanted by nothing but plovers, wild duck, and snipe, are perhaps seen to most advantage in winter. In summer it is often very weedy, although on this occasion the weeds were less troublesome than I have known them, especially upon the upper reaches. The navigation, as far as barges are concerned, is almost abandoned above New Bridge ; and the weirs originally erected for fishing purposes have been nearly all removed with the idea—I believe a wrong one—of letting flood-water off more easily ; and whereas on old Ravenstein's 'Oarsman and Angler's Map of the Thames,' there appear over twenty of these between Lechlade and Oxford, there are now but nine. Their remains, however, are plainly visible, and in low water in some places, as for instance at Duxford and Shifford, only too plainly felt. It is a very long thirty-four miles from Lechlade to Folly Bridge ; and the want of a good inn halfway deters many people from attempting it. I have several times done the journey right through in one day, but it has always been earlier in the year, and a far better plan is to go only as far as Tadpole Bridge (twelve miles) the first day ; where is one of the most charming inns in England. That navigator who is unacquainted with Mrs. Whiting's fried eels and coffee and Mr. Whiting's home-cured hams, had better speedily rid himself of the reproach of such ignorance. There is also a capital inn at Lechlade, and another half a mile below at St. John's Bridge. Something might, no

doubt, be done to clean out the river, on the part of the conservators; they have at present two steam dredgers at work, but it is only by fits and starts that they take to this kind of thing; and there is evidently not enough trade by the Thames and Severn canal to make it worth while to do much; such trade as there is between the Thames and the Severn comes more directly from Bristol by the Kennet and Avon canal, and so to Reading. The whole population of the valley from Lechlade to Oxford, including Evesham, is but little over four thousand, and the only coal wharves still in existence are at Lechlade and Newbridge. In the last quarter of the last century it was another thing. Rivers then, as Brindley said, existed only to feed navigable canals, or to be turned into something like navigable canals; and a proposal to do something of this sort up this particular valley called forth the indignant protest from Pye:—

Ah, Isis, can the Muse forget that hand,  
Whose wanton cruelty thy ruin planned?  
Or, not forgetting, from resentment free,  
Recall the hours that threatened fate to thee;  
When vain projectors doomed thy stream to flow  
Through meads neglected lingering sad and low,  
Till the o'erloaded wave should scarcely force  
Through gathering sand and sedge its labouring course;  
While in thy stead their plastic power should guide  
The stagnate lake, by wintry rains supplied;  
Perish such schemes! nor by their use be lost  
The noblest river Britain's isle can boast.

And then he goes on to prophesy the glories that will be when the canal should be opened from Lechlade, which would benefit instead of destroying his favourite stream:—

Let channels formed by art be ever led,  
Where no fair current wears a native bed:  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Even Isis shall applaud if from her source,  
To where Sabrina pours her amber course,  
They'll bid the smooth canal its length display,  
And feed with copious springs the tedious way,  
Till the fraught barge the long extent explores,  
From Bristol's crowded port to London's princely shores.

Even without the destructive aid of the canal it may be feared that the upper Thames may soon cease to be used at all; unless,

indeed, the interests of the landowners who find the river a formidable foe in the winter shall compel the channel to be deepened, and a few pound-locks to be put in; say one at Shifford and one a little way above Radcot Bridge. If a good fall were given to these locks, and good wide weir streams, provided each with a tumbling bay and a weir which could be left drawn in heavy water, were made, it would effect a great deal more than the present system of embankments and new cuts can, to protect the fields. But nothing would be of much use without a thorough systematic dredging the whole way up.

I fear I have too long wearied the patience of my readers. There is little to describe in the last piece of the river, with the exception of Newbridge, one of those beautiful structures with triangular buttresses facing up the stream, of which the only other example now left on the Thames, so far as I am aware, is at Abingdon. Old Magdalen Bridge over the Cherwell, at the east entrance to Oxford, which was taken down in 1772, is a well-known example, and may be seen in many old printshop windows. Newbridge, in spite of its name, is called by Leland, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the oldest bridge on the river, and it appears likely to outlive the river itself. But if there is little to describe there is much to see, and every lover of Matthew Arnold's poems will recognize hallowed spots, as he draws near to Bablock Hythe ferry; and every lover of Pope will rejoice to walk across the fields from Skinner's weir to Stanton Harcourt church and manorhouse, and see the room where he finished the Fifth Book of the Iliad, and where he and Gay may have "taken" tobacco together; for both often stayed in the neighbourhood.

It is true we are no longer greeted as the "Sarah" shoots over Medley weir, by the western line of grey wall of Oxford city; still less by the vesper bell ringing from Osney Abbey: the grey wall has given place to rows and rows of red brick slums which have almost invaded Port meadow, and by two of the very worst specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture in the world; and the only vesper bell which we hear at Osney or Rewley is the five-minute bell of the Birkenhead express train, or the shriek of that same as it leaves the station. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* I for one am a reactionary Tory, and sincerely regret the introduction of railways and the practical abandonment to pleasure seekers of the noble art of Inland Navigation.

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

## The Myth of Er.

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THE following stanzas are an attempt to render in English verse the most beautiful of the various myths or allegories by which the genius of Plato sought to illustrate his belief in the Immortality of the Soul. Here, as in the 'Gorgias' and 'Phædo,' he portrays its destinies after death, the Judgment, the Millennium of atonement for evil and recompense for good, the accomplished purification, the choice of new life, the draught of Oblivion, and the second return to the world. There is presented to us in imaginative guise his entire theory of Immortality, combining with the belief in the imperishable quality of the spiritual essence, the peculiar doctrine of Metempsychosis, or transfer of souls, not merely from man to man, but from man to animal, and *vice versâ*, which had its origin in the immemorial and unfathomable religions of the East.

This parable, which is contained in the Tenth Book of the 'Republic,' and is commonly known as the Myth or Vision of Er, is of all the myths of Plato, the longest, the most elaborate, and the most complete. It is also the most poetical. But for the accident which has clothed it in the garb of prose, it might be said to exhibit all the features of the highest poetry. Its subject is the most sublime of all conceptions that can engage the mental energies of man. The nobility of treatment corresponds with that of the matter. The story is unfolded with a majesty of language, a dramatic intensity, and an artistic grace, not excelled in any of the masterpieces of the Attic stage. In richness of imagery and creative power, it is their superior. We feel ourselves lifted with the writer into the Empyrean where his own fancy soars, and are launched with Er and the souls of the redeemed into the measureless heights of space, and the courts of celestial mansions.

What would not have been the astonishment of Plato, the inexorable foe and ostracist of poets, could he have learned that he would himself be claimed as one of the first of poets by a later time? How indignantly would he have repudiated the calumny, how bitterly have denounced his traducers! And yet it was by Aristotle, his immediate successor and pupil, that his writings were declared to be something midway between poetry and prose; whilst in our generation science has run ahead so swiftly, while literary genius has remained almost stationary (there are some who protest it has receded) for 2000 years, that in Plato we are predisposed to forget the philosopher, while we admire the poet. Furthermore, in explanation of his own attitude, it must be borne in mind that the vials of his wrath were emptied upon the arrogant mediocrity of a degenerate age. We compare him with the masters of all time.

How closely some of Plato's ideas in this allegory correspond with those of our own and the Roman Catholic religions, will be seen at a glance. At the Judgment the souls are separated, the good departing to the right and the wicked to the left of the Judges' throne. The righteous, as in the Vision of St. John, bear the seals of blessing on their front (cf. Rev. vii. 3). Atonement and Redemption are achieved by a phase of Purgatory. Whilst for most this Purgatory is a finite experience, yet there are some incurably tainted souls—Ardiaeus and his fellows—who are doomed to an eternity of Hell-fire. Great stress is laid upon freedom of the will in the choice of good or evil. Each individual soul is accompanied through life by a celestial monitor or guardian angel (cf. the angel of St. Peter in Acts xii. 15, and *vide* Matt. xviii. 10). Throughout the parable there breathes a spirit of pure and exalted belief, such as we are apt to associate with the dispensations of revealed religion. As has been well said: "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion."

In this translation, of the shortcomings of which I am well aware, I have endeavoured to keep before me that which is the cardinal law of all such reproductions, viz. the duty of preserving with anxious fidelity the spirit and tone of the original, combined with as close an attention as may be to its diction and form. In the latter respect I have commonly adhered to the actual words and phrases of Plato, only deserting them where literal rendering was not possible. The metre adopted is



that employed by Tennyson in the "Palace of Art." It is suited to vivid description and dramatic situation ; while the shortening of the last line supplies a constantly recurring emphasis. I do not say that it is the best metre for the purpose ; to some the Spenserian stanza may suggest itself as a meritorious alternative. I would fain hope, however, that this experimental rendering—the first, so far as I know, that has appeared in print—of one of the noblest poems, albeit in prose, that have ever been penned, may tempt others to make trial of the same undertaking, with superior prospects of success.

#### THE MYTH OF ER.

(*Plato, 'Republic,' Bk. x. 614-621.*)

I SING of that strange chance which fell to Er,  
Armenius the Pamphylian's son,  
In ghostly realms sole mortal traveller  
'Ere yet his days were done.

For that he died not, but the Judgment saw,  
To Socrates the Seer was told,  
Which thing did god-like Plato for a law  
Of Spirit-Life unfold.

Ten days the warrior's corse amid the slain  
Lay slain, yet no corruption knew ;  
Then waking on the pyre to life again,  
This marvel passed in view.

"In a strange shadowy place 'twixt earth and sky,"  
Quoth he, "the Judgment-thrones are set,  
Before whose steps a pallid company  
The unnumbered dead are met.

"And there on either hand, in sky and earth,  
Twin cloudy gulfs, above, below,  
Wrap up the destinies of mortal worth,  
Which none unjudged may know.

"Forthwith the doom is spoken, and those souls  
To left and right their journeys wend ;  
An heavenly gulf for these its mist unrolls,  
Earthward must those descend.

"The wicked they, and on their backs are bound  
The tokens of what sins were theirs ;  
But the white forehead of the righteous-found  
The seal of blessing wears.

("Howbeit to him 'A Prophet shalt thou be'—  
The Judges spake—' to earth from here.  
Behold and hearken ! Eyes hast thou to see,  
And ears withal to hear !')

"Thus evermore they vanish in the void,  
The while from each confronting arch  
Are poured two companies ; one travel-cloyed  
As from a weary march,

"But fair and fresh the band from upper air.  
Then do these pilgrims, one and all,  
Flock to the meadow,\* and encamp them there  
As at a festival.

"And sweet the courtesies and questioning  
Of friends unseen since long ago ;  
'In Heaven was such the mode of wayfaring ?  
What cheer was theirs below ?'

"Strange sights the earth-stained saw, sad suffering his !  
For very ruth he needs must weep ;  
One tells of joys and magic mysteries—  
He scaled the heavenly steep !

"A thousand years—so long has been the way—  
Ten years to every year of man,  
Tenfold the recompense that each must pay,  
Once in each age's span.

"He that was traitor, or guilt-stained, or vile,  
Ten times in agony atones ;  
Likewise the just and holy-lived erewhile  
Tenfold fruition owns.

"But richer measure is for him decreed  
That 'gainst the Gods imagined ill,  
Or wrought confusion on his parents' need,  
Or blood of man did spill.

"For there to Er the doom of one was told  
That sire and brother eke had slain,  
King Ardiaeus, in the days of old,  
And might not rise again.

"Nor he nor any may one jot evade ;  
Else if some sinner of great sin  
Essay the passage, from the hollow shade  
Is rolled a mighty din,

\* *εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα*. "*The*" meadow, well-known in Greek mythology from the description, more especially, of Homer. Cf. '*Gorgias*,' 524.

- "And fiery savage men that wait for him,  
At that tremendous voice's sound  
Swiftly leap forth, and bind him limb by limb  
And dash him to the ground,
- "And trail that wretched body, which like wool  
Is carded upon thorns, and tell  
Wherefore the sinner's cup of wrath is full,  
His spirit plunged to hell.
- "Of all grim terrors of the underworld  
Grimmest the terror of that voice,  
Which if they hear not through the portals whirled  
The souls mount and rejoice.
- "So they for seven days in the joyous mead  
Linger—then pass—then on a morn,  
The fourth that flushes on their steadfast speed  
With rosy roofs of dawn,
- "Deep in the luminous dim void a light,  
Straight as a pillared shaft and high  
Glitters like Iris' bow, yet is more bright,  
And pierces earth and sky.
- "Thro' all one day that wonder grows apace—  
And now, the middle rays among,  
They see where from the invisible cope of space  
The chains of heaven are hung.
- "In sooth the belt of heaven is that great light,  
Bracing the mighty circle round,  
What wise with cables girded trimly-tight  
The ocean-hulls are bound.\*

\* I cannot pretend to throw any light upon the well-known difficulty about the "pillar of light." On the one hand it is described as "straight" as "like a column," and as "extending through the whole heaven"—expressions which give us the idea of a vertical shaft, piercing the hollow sphere of heaven from top to bottom, in fact the imaginary axis of the universe. On the other, it is compared to the rainbow (although, as has been pointed out, this may be in respect of colour rather than of form), and to the undergirders of a trireme, and is called "the belt of heaven" because "it holds together the entire circumference"—a series of pictures which has naturally suggested to commentators the phenomenon of the Milky Way. If the former is Plato's meaning, there is the further difficulty of understanding the relation of the pillar of light to the shaft of Necessity's spindle, which is also described as the axis piercing the middlemost of the eight orbits. The second interpretation may indeed be reconciled with the phrases that have suggested the first by supposing that Er and his companions first caught sight of the light at a point in space where it appeared to their eyes to be perpendicular rather than circular. But why Plato should have introduced an optical illusion into his story it is hard to say.

"And lo! down reaching from those chains begun  
The spindle of the Law Sublime  
Necessity, whereby the world is spun  
Through endless grooves of Time.

"Of steel the shaft is wrought, the hook of steel,  
But of mixed fashioning the whorl,  
Wherein seven other circles, wheel in wheel,  
Continuously curl.

"And one more broad, and one more narrow shows,  
And one more bright, and one more dim,  
One swift, one slower. And in ordered rows  
On every circle's rim

"Eight Sirens do eternally revolve,  
Each upon each revolving sphere,  
And from their lips one liquid note dissolve  
Harmonious and clear.

"And there three daughters of the Law Sublime,  
The Fates, white-robed and garlanded,  
From their fixed thrones do with the Sirens rhyme  
How all is perfected.

"What things of old have been doth Lachesis,  
Atropos what are yet to be,  
Responsive chant; but Clotho that which is  
Hymns everlastingly.

"And each an inner or an outer ring  
Will touch, that it may smoothly slide,  
Save Lachesis, that with deft fingering  
Doth every orbit guide.

"Anon when all that host before her face  
Is ranged, a herald from her knees  
Lifting the lots, ascendeth a high place  
And sounds her just decrees.

"The word of Lachesis, the eldest born  
Of the dread Law, Necessity,—  
Lo now, ye souls of mortals, a new dawn  
Of mortal life is nigh!

"Yours is the choice of fates! He first shall choose  
Who draweth first. Of Righteousness  
That knows no master, each shall gain or lose  
Honouring her more or less.

“ ‘His be the blame—but blameless is High God!’

This said, the lots he scatters wide  
And spreads the types of life. And at his nod  
They take them and decide.

“For there all lives of men and living things,  
Fair and ill-fortuned, and the mean,  
Beggars and heroes, citizens and kings,  
And birds and beasts, are seen.

“Yet is no life ordained for good or ill;  
Man’s is the choice, and man’s alone.  
On earth the knowledge and the changeless will  
The wise man makes his own.

“And evermore resounds the herald’s voice;  
‘E’en for the last is favour fair.  
Let not the first be heedless of his choice,  
Nor the hindmost despair!’

“Then one with blinded witless eyes of greed  
Elects a bloody tyrant’s lot.  
Anon remorsefully bewails the deed  
And weeping ceaseth not.

“Yet in his pride himself he doth acquit;  
At Fate and the High Gods he raves;  
Right had he known erewhile, and walked in it,  
But lacked the truth that saves.

“So many that one life fulfilled of old  
Seek diverse lives—such hope hath change—  
Pitiful it is and wondrous to behold,  
Yea, laughable and strange!

“Now murdered Orpheus, from the hate he bore  
To woman’s race, would be a swan,  
And Agamemnon for his woes of yore  
An eagle’s plumes put on.

“Mocking Thersites picks an ape’s disguise,  
And Thamyras a nightingale’s;  
Great Ajax, wrathful for the stolen prize,  
A lion’s fury hails.

“The runner’s meed would Atalanta own,  
Epeus a handmaid’s skill of hands;  
But grave Odysseus, sad and weary grown  
From toils in many lands,



"The idle pastime of an easeful soul  
After long search doth hardly find,  
And boasteth this the fairest of the whole  
Vouchsafed to mortal kind.

"Then each to Lachesis must pass aside,  
In order of the lot he willed,  
To whom she giveth a celestial guide  
To see his choice fulfilled.

"First beneath Clotho's hand the angel leads—  
She on the whirring shaft the lot  
Weaves close. Then Atropos the labour speeds  
That none may loose the knot.

"Thence onward passing 'neath the awful throne,  
Necessity's, they journey on  
Thro' heat and scorching to a desert lone,  
The Plain Oblivion.

"There doth no herb begotten ever bless  
The utter waste. At eventide  
They see the river of Unmindfulness  
And camp the wave beside.

"Marvellous the water that no cup can fill ;  
Thereof each soul must drink somewhat,  
And he that drinketh of the sleepy rill  
Hath straight all things forgot.

"Then slumber laps them, till at middle night  
With earthquake-shock and thunder-jars  
Suddenly scattered they are whirled to light  
Shot up like flying stars ! "

These things the hero saw, but of that stream  
Might he not slake his least desire.  
Naught knew he after, till the morning beam  
Thrilled on the funeral pyre.

GEORGE N. CURZON.



## The Hero of the Hour in Paris.

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ON the occasion of the last national fête of the 14th of July, and the "manifestation" got up in favour of General Boulanger, a party of foreign visitors were listening to the loud cries of the populace, with some uneasiness. Two men near them were particularly enthusiastic, and vociferated with stentorian lungs the popular song,

"C'est Boulange, lange, lange,  
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut !"

At last one, having apparently exhausted his energies, stopped shouting, and said, confidentially to the other,

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a donc fait, ce Boulanger ? Je ne le sais pas du tout !"

"Ma foi, je n'en sais rien non plus," said the other.

And both repeated—"Mais qu'est-ce qu'il a donc fait ?" Concluding with—"Ah bah ! tout le monde crie, il faut crier aussi," and the "Boulange, lange, lange," began again lustily.

Many people will echo the question, What has he done ?

Since the death of Gambetta there has been in France a strong feeling as to the insecurity of the Republic, summed up by many political writers in the prophecy that it would be crushed under the heel of a soldier's boot, and all have looked forward, some with dread, some with hope, to the General X—the unknown quantity in the problem to be solved.

Suddenly, and without any apparent reason of a sufficient kind, one name stood out prominently—one man engrossed public attention ; and, strangely enough, the most ardent Republicans were the very men to insist most strongly upon the virtues of a General, who, with unlooked-for and scarcely justified rapidity, attained a pre-eminent position ; pushed on

by the same people who ought most to be on their guard against the pretensions and ambition of a probable future dictator !

Who is Boulanger ? What has been his past career ? What is the character of the man who seems called to play such an important part in modern French history ?

George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger was born at Rennes in the year 1837 ; the son of a Breton father and English mother, whose *blonde* beauty he has in some degree inherited. His father was a lawyer, in a small way of business ; what is called in France an *avoué*, i.e. a sort of attorney. The family was in a straitened position, and according to the pithy phrase used by one of his biographers, "he ate more bread than butter" in those early days. He was called Ernest, but the name is so habitually associated in France with insipid lovers in Vaudevilles, that his friends choose now to dub him *George*, as a more heroic appellation ; whilst his opponents perseveringly retain the name of Ernest, favoured by hair-dressers' assistants and *jeunes premiers* on the stage. George, or Ernest, does not seem to have won very satisfactory testimony as to his boyish character ; he was considered insincere, and deficient in schoolboy honesty and frankness. He learned early that he had to make his way in the world unaided, and this seems to have become the one object of his life, without much scrupulous examination as to the means employed to reach the end.

In January 1855 he entered the military school of St. Cyr ; and there, as he himself told a friend, when, on holidays, he was at that time allowed to go out, he often made a meal out of a penny tart in order to pay for his spotless gloves. Anything to keep up appearances—the whole man is there depicted.

In 1856 he left the school as sub-lieutenant, and was sent to Algeria, where he served in the "Turcos" native regiment, which was favourably noticed in Marshal Randon's report during the Kabyle insurrection. He was then sent to Italy, during the war of 1859, and there received a very severe wound ; one of those wounds which officers call "fortunate ;" that do not disable permanently, do not disfigure, but are sufficiently dangerous to be very "glorious." He then volunteered for service in Cochinchina ; was promoted to the rank of captain, and again was seriously wounded. Whilst still invalided, he was appointed to a post at St. Cyr, where the sight of his uniform coat, cut open and fastened with black ribbons, in consequence of his wounds, greatly impressed the pupils, with whom he soon became

very popular. Though a strict disciplinarian, there is, with Boulanger, a sort of good-humoured charm of manner, which easily wins the hearts of his subordinates.

During the war of 1870, he was sent to Metz, under the orders of Bazaine; but when the capitulation came, he was not likely to relish the position of a prisoner in Germany, and more fortunate, or less scrupulous, than others, he managed to escape; how, no one seems clearly to know. There is a story of a German sentinel having been shot—but nothing is clearly proved.

Boulanger hastened back to Paris, where he took part in the military operations of the defence; and was promoted rapidly, several of his superior officers having been killed in the skirmishes,—to his great advantage.

The patriotic conduct of the Orleans Princes during the war, and the dignified part played by the Duc d'Aumale during the Bazaine trial, had brought them into public favour; carefully checked by the money-claims so insidiously put forward by that small Machiavelli, M. Thiers, at the period of France's greatest financial distress. Still, there was a strong Royalist current of feeling, at that time—a possibility, amounting to a probability of a Bourbon Restoration. Boulanger was then in the 7th Corps, commanded by the Duc d'Aumale, and immediately tried to ingratiate himself into his favour by fawning and flattery. The Duke had ordered the officers of the Corps to address him only according to his military rank, suppressing all royal titles. One officer alone ignored the prohibition, and constantly used the *Monseigneur* left aside by the others—that officer was the Republican Boulanger!

In 1879, the Duc d'Aumale ceased to command the 7th Corps, and Boulanger immediately writes expressing his grief and that of all the officers of his regiment, on losing a chief "whom they loved," and in whom they had "such implicit confidence" they would never forget the "great example he had shown" them; he assures the Duke of his "unchangeable devotedness," and subscribes himself his "*obéissant subordonné*."

Shortly afterwards, he writes a humble epistle, soliciting the Duke's patronage and intercession in order to obtain his promotion to the rank of General. The Duke exerted himself kindly in his favour, and finally obtained for him what he so earnestly coveted.

Boulanger then writes again, with florid rhetoric, but deficient

grammar, declaring that he owes his promotion to the Duc d'Aumale, expressing the warmest gratitude, protesting that he will always be "proud of having served under such a leader," and winding up, "Blessed would be the day which would recall me under your command." (*"Béni serait le jour qui me rappellerait sous vos ordres."*)

All this was very well, and might have continued unchanged had the Orleans Princes taken the position which seemed to await them. But the reconciliation of the royal branches at Frohsdorf, followed by the deplorable letter of the Comte de Chambord annihilating the Royalist hopes and plans, had driven the Orleans Princes back forcibly into private life; the Comte de Chambord would do nothing, and they could no longer act in their own name.

Boulanger saw that there was nothing to be gained by fidelity in that quarter; consequently he soon found himself aglow with new-born sympathy for the Red Republican party. He succeeded in winning the favour of Clémenceau, and, through his influence, became Minister of War. It is said that Clémenceau is now in the position of a Frankenstein—exceedingly frightened at what he has himself created.

One of Boulanger's first acts on taking office was to send for the army-reports of the Duc d'Aumale to see what had been said of his own important self.

The Duc d'Aumale's note against his name was simply, "A good officer, active, very intelligent, but ill-bred (*mal élevé*)."

*Mal élevé!* To a man like Boulanger this must have been "the unkindest cut of all." The result was a considerable amount of spite against well-bred people in general, and the Duc d'Aumale in particular.

In all armies there are especially aristocratic regiments, and also aristocratic garrison towns. The Republican French army was no exception; the gentlemanlike young officers quartered at Tours, Compiègne, Rouen, Evreux, &c., were well received in the neighbouring châteaux, and, naturally enough, preferred the society of the families belonging to the higher class to that of the Republican and by no means "well-bred" officials of these towns, whom they treated with only distant deference and formal respect. Boulanger immediately discovered that here was a serious danger for the welfare of the Republic. They did not fraternize with patriots, and they ought to



fraternize. They bore noble names, and were intimate only with their own class—this was decidedly against "Equality."

Consequently a sweeping order was issued, sending the "well-bred" regiments to small country towns, and replacing them by "ill-bred" patriots, who ran no risk of being too intimate with the high Conservative families.

An amusing parody of General Boulanger's letter to the military commanders of the different army corps, was published by the comic journal *L'Arlequin*; it is really scarcely a caricature.

"GENERAL!—Are we a Republic, yes or no?"

"We *are* a Republic. The Government has said so; therefore the army must be Republican."

"Is the army Republican?"

"No!"

"I insist, General, that the Corps under your command shall become Republican immediately. Do you understand me? You will easily recognize which officers are Republicans, by certain signs to which I call your especial attention.

"The officer who is well-dressed, well-brushed, and who wears polished boots.

"The officer who does not frequent the *salons* of the Prefect, who does not drink at the public-houses with the mayor, the *adjoints* and the editor of the local Republican paper—that officer is not a Republican.

"But I particularly call your attention to the officers *who have ancestors*; the officers who prefix a *de* to their names. I am called plain Boulanger, like my friend Clémenceau. Am I a Count or a Marquis?

"Well! there are, in the regiments, officers, who on pretence that they have ancestors, and that these ancestors have served the country, 'disfigure in a ridiculous manner their family name by the addition of a *de* or a title.'\*

"These you must call by their plain names, suppressing the rest.

"To sum up: the army must not meddle with politics, but it must be Republican. Officers must not be gentlemanlike; they must not wear polished boots; they must not dine, nor go out shooting, nor dance, except in the society of tried patriots. They must go twice a week, to play *béziq*ue with the Prefect; they must be seen at the *cafés* drinking with the mayor, the Republican municipal counsellors, and the editors of Red papers.

\* Quoted from General Boulanger's letter.

They must not have horses, nor carriages ; they must not have ancestors ; they must not have a *de* before their names. And if they take the liberty of going to church, put them at once under arrest !”

The next sensational decree was the order that all the soldiers should wear beards—it being slyly hinted that Boulanger’s beard is particularly becoming to him.

Next came the patriotic sentry-boxes, painted red, blue and white, the national colours, caricatures of which were seen everywhere, with those of the bearded soldiers ; but, at the same time, other measures were put forward, improving the condition of the troops ; ensuring them better food, better beds, more cleanliness, and providing for them amusements within the barracks, intended to prevent them from seeking elsewhere expensive and often objectionable diversions.

Boulanger is a hard worker, and spares no trouble, seeing to everything himself. In fairness it must be acknowledged that, by the side of many childish whims, important reforms were effected by the active, bustling Minister of War ; who overlooked nothing, and accepted willingly the suggestions of the humblest individual ; which he always carefully examined, trying to extract therefrom something of practical use ; knowing also how to talk over his opponents, who, after a short interview with him, generally acknowledged ; “ *C’est un charmeur.*”

Ever plausible, ever ready to cajole, willing also to draw back gracefully when he sees that any one of his plans is too forcibly opposed, or too thoroughly disliked by the public, Boulanger is a master in the art which the Americans call “ soft sawder ;” and yet the velvet glove covers a hand of iron.

“ *Si je lui résistais, il me briserait comme du verre,*” was the remark of a well-known general, speaking of his commander-in-chief. Stern discipline is not wanting, as General Saussier, the Governor of Paris, found to his cost, when, without leave, he published a letter in the papers justifying some of his subordinates who had been attacked. The Minister of War immediately inflicted upon him a public reprimand, and General Saussier, deeply wounded, sent in his resignation.

Boulanger was considered to have acted too strictly according to the letter of military law, and some remonstrance was addressed to him in the Cabinet Council, on the plea of Saussier’s Republican convictions and military services.

Boulanger is said to have answered pretty tartly : “ If I took

a fancy to send you all to Mazas,\* I warn you that it is not General Saussier who could prevent me." ("S'il me prenait fantaisie de vous envoyer tous à Mazas, je vous prévienne que ce n'est pas le Général Saussier qui pourrait m'en empêcher.")

There is surely a very *Buonapartish* flavour in that speech!

Still, Boulanger was made to feel that he had gone too far; with his usual adroitness, he managed to have a reconciliation brought about, and Saussier was persuaded to withdraw his resignation.

The very eccentricities of the General kept his name constantly before the public, and every *charlatan* means was employed to make him constantly talked about. He rides well, and pranced and curvetted at the Reviews, "on such a black horse!" like one of Dickens's heroes. A song, with a "taking" tune about Boulanger and the Review ("En revenant de la Revue"), was sung by the popular singer Paulus, and soon all the populace in the streets was chanting the praise of "le brave Général Boulanger."

He showed himself everywhere and made speeches to everybody about everything; and people began to cry "*Vive Boulanger!*" when he appeared. His portraits were seen in all the shops, and were hawked about the streets. Songs celebrating the "Général La Revanche" were sung in all the *cafés chantants*. Biographies were sold in the streets relating his glorious career, and celebrating his physical merits; describing minutely his handsome nose, his fine figure, his splendid military presence. People laughed—still, for, or against, every one talked of Boulanger.

The next sensational event was the expulsion of the Princes, following the marriage of the Duke of Braganza with the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. And here comes the very unpleasant incident of the letters to the Duc d'Aumale then laid before the public; and the authorship denied by his "*ill-bred*" "obéissant subordonné."

Boulanger being taunted by the Conservative members with owing his military rank to the patronage of the very man whom he was about to send into exile, had declared that *he owed nothing* to the Duc d'Aumale, who immediately published his humble and grateful letters. The authenticity of these Boulanger had the audacity to deny, *on his word of honour*, thus indirectly accusing his former protector of a forgery. The Duke then had

\* The prison of that name.

the letters photographed, and published in *fac-simile*. There was a general outburst of indignation; Boulanger could no longer deny, but shabbily talked about "official gratitude" being alone expressed in these letters. His warmest supporters could no longer justify him, and found no other defence than that he had "lost his wits," "*Il a perdu la tête*." A pitiful excuse for an act of meanness.

The incident gave rise to a comic song, which, after sneering at the part played by Boulanger in the matter, concludes with an admission of his indisputable popularity notwithstanding:—

"Mais sa barbe et son cheval  
Ont un succès colossal;  
Dans le parti radical  
Il reste donc sans rival.  
*De l'Elysée, c'est fatal,  
Il occupera le local.*"

The *parti radical* soon began by their own experience to learn the value of Boulanger's word. M. Goblet having remonstrated with him on his growing intimacy with Rochefort, who did not cease attacking the other Ministers in the grossest manner, Boulanger strenuously denied all intimacy.

"*Comment!*" cried M. Goblet, "why yesterday you had supper with Rochefort; Clémenceau was there!"

"You have been deceived," sturdily answered the General. "I have neither dined nor taken supper with Rochefort. I have not seen him."

M. Goblet, considerably astounded, but not venturing to contradict such a positive assurance, went to the Chamber of Deputies, and seeing Clémenceau, at once said to him: "*Eh bien!* you had great amusement last night, with the General?"

"What! you have heard all that so soon?" was the ingenuous reply of Clémenceau. "*Ma foi*, yes, we had a very pleasant supper. Boulanger has plenty of wit, and as for Rochefort, you know he is not deficient."

Goblet said no more—he was sufficiently enlightened as to the veracity of the General! When Clémenceau learned the blunder he had committed, he was so angry at the General's falsehood, that there was no room for regret, and he plainly expressed his feelings.

The extraordinary popularity of Boulanger, fomented by his Radical friends, began to cause some uneasiness to the governing

powers ; for it was audibly whispered that he would provoke a war which would be the means of restoring the lost provinces ; if victorious, all knew that the history of Buonaparte would be repeated. The Germans began to growl ominously—but they seemed afraid of Boulanger, and nothing could cause greater delight to the French nation. That they should, in their present condition, frighten anybody, especially the Germans, was an intense gratification to the national pride, and their worship of the man who was the means of causing such flattering anxiety, could only increase in consequence.

*“ Tu dois être l'espoir puisque Berlin te craint,*

\* \* \* \*

*“ Tire nous de l'abîme où notre orgueil se traîne,*

*Conduis nos légions au glorieux chemin !*

*Rends-nous l'honneur ! Rends-nous l'Alsace et la Lorraine,*

*Reviens, en ramenant les deux sœurs par la main !*

*. . . . . Alors tu seras tout . . . . .*

*Tu seras la France, ô Général Revanche ! ”*

Meanwhile, Boulanger promenaded everywhere in the provinces, made speeches to all the local authorities, looked handsome and warlike, and was enthusiastically applauded. The sword flashed a little too much before the eyes of the Conscript Fathers to be quite pleasant in their sight ; but how could they get rid of the spoiled child of France ; a sort of half-fledged demigod ?

Then came the story of a private letter to the Czar, and of the fury of the Ministers ; all made public by feminine gossip. A general denial all round followed, received with some incredulity, for every one knows that Boulanger is apt to write letters, and then deny their authenticity.

Scarcely had the excitement settled down, when the public was informed that one of the Deputies, named Cordier, had declared that he would willingly give twenty thousand francs to any one who would put poison in Boulanger's coffee. The General at once chose to play the part of Alexander—immediately inviting M. Cordier to dinner ! A strenuous denial of the story was published, which people believed or not, as they pleased ; although, if the words were really spoken, the intention could only have been a jest, in very questionable taste.

Every day brought some new sensational event. Soon the musicians were up in arms. As Boulanger must meddle with everything, he could not leave music alone, and an order to the



different regiments came out, criticising the execution of the "Marseillaise," and directing a new arrangement of the music to be adopted by all the military bands.

Next came the affair of the cross of the Legion of Honour, given to Febvre, the actor, by Boulanger in person. What had the Minister of War to do with the Comédie Française? What act of valour had Febvre performed?

Poor M. Grévy!—The whole thing was illegal, and a complete usurpation—yet he dared not risk a struggle with the popular General, by withdrawing what the latter had no right to give!

When, at last, a Ministerial crisis came, there was considerable relief in the prospect of getting rid of the Minister of War, who was really making himself too "generally useful."

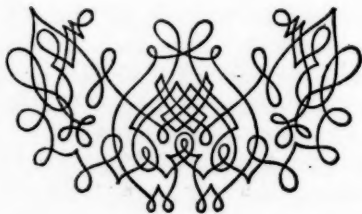
But Rochefort announced terrible consequences—and the fatal day when the idol was to be removed from Paris to the comparative obscurity of a command in the provinces, was awaited with general apprehension. Every one said that Boulanger ought to disappear quietly at an unexpected hour—but this was the very last thing that he was likely to do. As might have been expected, at the known, appointed time, he drove off in an open carriage, followed by all the rabble of Paris, who stormed the station of the Lyons railway, and tried to forcibly prevent his departure. Trains were delayed, and the whole railway service disorganized, to the great inconvenience and even danger of the general public. At last, even the popular General himself got tired of the crowding and embracing; so he suddenly steamed off on an engine, the trains having been surrounded and stopped by the populace. He had been nearly smothered by their affectionate squeezing; not wholly disinterested, as he found to his cost; for his watch and purse had been dexterously removed during an outburst of enthusiasm. His journey was, however, it must be acknowledged a triumphal progress, where even the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" was heard with that of "Vive Boulanger!"

He enjoyed all the privileges of royalty—like a crowned head, he was allowed no peace; when he succeeded in getting an interval of sleep, he had quickly to rouse himself to hear speeches and answer them. By the time he reached Clermont, he was thoroughly worn out and weary; very tired, very dusty, and by no means in a gracious mood; so that his first appearance caused something like disappointment. The handsome General with the "handsome nose" and fine military bearing, when not drawn up

in his official attitude, easily shows bowed shoulders and a jaded look, betraying that the prime of life is past. The eyelids droop, with something of the expression (or want of expression) noticed in Napoleon III. ; the smile, which can be very attractive, seems fixed on the face, like the grin of a mask.

The people of Clermont, a little chilled at first, determined, however, to "demonstrate" on the occasion of the Review for the national fête of the 14th of July ; they were again doomed to disappointment, for it was announced that in his struggles with his worshippers at the Lyons station, the General had sprained his foot and was obliged to keep his bed. But it was whispered that, in reality, the brilliant General was laid up with the gout—a sort of ailment which he seems by no means willing to acknowledge.

Even with the gout, can Boulanger keep quiet ? No, indeed ; he is reported to "writhe in his bed" while he talks patriotically to newspaper correspondents, informing them that had he chosen to perform a *coup d'état*, he would have been supported by all the "Right" in the Chamber of Deputies, who had actually offered him their assistance ; also that ninety-four Generals had tendered him their services. What for ? To fight the enemy, or to fight the French ? Nothing is clearly stated. Who are the Deputies, who are the Generals ? No one knows—all is veiled in mystery. Only one point remains clear—that it is impossible to hear the last of Boulanger ; that by speeches, or newspaper reports, or duels, or sensational effects, he will always manage to engross public attention ; that he aims high, and will never stop until he has reached—WHAT ? As the French proverb says : "*Qui vivra, verra.*"



## Men and Measures in Canada.

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NOTHING but the fact that Electoral lists, which included 200,000 new voters, were not ready in time for an earlier Dissolution, can excuse the Governor in Council for not calling the Canadian Parliament together before April 14th, two months later than what is generally considered regulation date. Until Midsummer this year, unlucky M.P.s—many elected for the first time and new to the business—sat patiently through hot days and nights in a chamber built mainly with an eye to winter requirements, and in an atmosphere so oppressive and exhausting, that it is not surprising the Government had not energy enough to propose anything of great importance, and that the Opposition was too languid to show much fight.

It is true that cricketers from both sides met daily in a friendly game on the smooth, carefully tended sward, which, intersected by broad gravelled walks and gay flower-borders, surround the Parliament Houses and public buildings at Ottawa, and perhaps this also had something to do with the serenity that reigned within; but the chief reasons for it were undoubtedly the intense heat of the weather, and the inconvenient season which found our legislators at the Capital.

Farmers watched the bright sunshine fall through stained windows on Gothic arch, that they should have gazed on as it ripened their rich cornfields while they followed legitimate agricultural pursuits; lawyers sat dumbly listening, while in idle fingers they twisted indignant letters from wealthy clients anxious to "get away the moment I have seen you," &c.; doctors rose to vote, dwelling sadly on the thought that, while they were doing nothing else, their best-paying patients had gone off to the sea, and were rapidly recovering without the least compunction all by themselves! men of leisure sighed over that long-hoped-for visit to England and the Jubilee, as they

sat in a temperature of ninety; and, most of all to be pitied, long-suffering office seekers lounged, despondent, on garden benches in the blazing sunshine hour after hour, to waylay exhausted Ministers too weary for escape, and murmured a wish that Parliament did not sit in June.

Very early in the day the Leader of the Opposition gave up altogether, laid his arms on his desk, his head on his arms, and took no further interest in the proceedings! His lieutenants, valiant but disconcerted, did what they could to obstruct, but not even a Canadian Liberal can be energetic long when his leader is sound asleep, and grinning Tories fan their hot faces with the "Orders of the day." On the Government benches there was, it must be confessed, more activity. The Leader on that side was by no means asleep, perhaps the recollection of many an election triumph last winter refreshed him, or the droop of his once formidable antagonist's head took a load off his mind. The House was constantly feeble and demoralized, it had, in fact, collapsed from heat. I counted four pages asleep at once round the steps of a chair in which the Speaker had gone to bed. Five members in one row lay back snoring peacefully; and in the next, one was making a sketch with ink on a reclining sleeper's bald and shiny crown; while another dropped iced water from a tumbler into his neighbour's left ear, as the unconscious victim, bowed in deepest slumber, presented a tempting opportunity. The Governor-General, after three months' hard labour at balls, parliamentary dinners, sliding parties, concerts, and plays, varied by writing despatches to the Colonial Secretary about the pig-headedness of American politicians on the Fishery question, must have rejoiced when his Ministers asked him to prorogue. Certain it is that his Excellency jumped out of the horrors of a tightly fitting uniform into a homespun travelling suit, and was off for his salmon waters up the Cascapedia almost before the last cannon's boom died away in the hot evening air.

Talking of this excellent and most courteous gentleman reminds me of the calamity which hung so long over his devoted head, in the shape of a visit to Canada from the great Irish agitator, Mr. William O'Brien, of Tipperary, and which, when the blow actually fell, was transformed into something very like a pat of encouragement and approval. Any man who escapes a great danger is more or less a hero, and since Lord Lansdowne has been neither shot, poisoned, nor stoned out of

the country—though the manly eloquence of a great Irish orator was held to suggest that Canadians should do at least all three—we have come to regard the quiet nobleman as a hero in his particular line, and are accordingly more interested in him than we were before. His own conduct at the critical moment had much to do with this sentiment, for the crowd likes coolness, and Lord Lansdowne went on the even tenor of his way, in spite of the agitator's presence in Canada, and, except to request that Mr. O'Brien should have the fullest liberty of speech at any time or place, took no further interest in his proceedings. The Governor-General was staying in Toronto at the time, in fulfilment of a promise made long ago, and the cheers which greeted his appearance on every occasion, must have drowned the feeble applause with which, just previous to being driven out of Toronto, the agitator's utterances were received by his admirers.

Before he left that loyal town, the Editor of *United Ireland* learned, if he can learn anything, that crowds, though they like throwing stones, prefer aiming where they consider stones are best deserved; and though it is deplored by some that we so far forgot our manners as to be rude and inhospitable, many Canadians—in view of the fact that Mr. O'Brien was accompanied by a lot of American newspaper reporters who have since joined in a lying chorus, and published the mission as a success—rejoice that those hostile demonstrations took place in two out of the four places he visited, to show what the real feeling on the subject is in Canada. Along his line of travel, and in those towns where he spoke without molestation, he and the "specimen" tenant, Mr. Kilbride, were received with indifference, except by a comparatively few sympathizers.

The "specimen" tenant was, it must be admitted unfortunately selected.

"My! but he's *fat*," exclaimed one old lady with earnest satisfaction, as Mr. Kilbride stepped jauntily past. "Sure now *he's* plenty well fed!" And with true boyish impertinence a bright-eyed son of Erin was heard to declare he considered "that there tinant the best of the show"! Not for a moment would I wish to convey that Canadians do not sorrow over Ireland's misfortunes and Ireland's poor. Through the length and breadth of our more prosperous land there glows much kind sympathy, and every move in the right direction which tends to give hope and cheer to Ireland is eagerly noted and



approved of ; but when Mr. O'Brien came round on his avenging tour, Canadians failed to see what earthly business he had here, or why he supposed that a people who can at least write and read without much spelling, should need his explanation on subjects already fully discussed by the press, or his assistance in forming intelligent conclusions about them.

But, incidentally, he did good service for Canada in England. The expression of sympathy with the Gladstone-Parnellite policy passed by the Canadian House of Commons last session was supposed by some to mean disaffection to the dear old mother-land ; but as Mr. O'Brien had to fly for his life when he came to preach *that* doctrine on Canadian soil, we must look for the explanation elsewhere. The resolutions in question agreed to by large majorities in the House of Commons at Ottawa were simply a very "thin" political dodge, carried by the voices of men who grumbled loudly as they left their seats at having to support them, and unblushingly declared that it was done to keep the Irish vote all right in their respective counties in view of a general election ! No man now-a-days seems able to get free from the necessity of truckling to one influence or another ; but after Mr. O'Brien had hurried under police protection from among the very people by whom he expected to be received with open arms, no doubt he reflected sadly enough on the folly of putting his trust in politicians.

Lord Lansdowne is said to be enjoying a successful fishing season on the Cascapedia, and it is reported that his party—a small one—killed fifty-seven large salmon in two days. In remarkably good health apparently, and as popular as before, he has passed unscathed through the fire of his enemy's denunciations, and has not so far even been punished with a Jubilee title !

One of the first questions asked in Parliament last session concerned the position of our Fishery matter. Very little definite information was conveyed in the answer, probably there was not much to say. "Negotiations" are getting to be a longer job every day, and it is difficult to fix the precise date when they open and close ; but the Premier assured the House that "negotiations" were going on, that Canada was constantly consulted, and hinted at a Joint Commission to arrange matters by and by. If this possible Commission costs as much and does as little for our Fisheries as the one held in 1871 at Washington, when Lord Ripon thought only of settling the Alabama Claims and nothing about our rights, we are decidedly

better without it. Let us hope it may be held at a "good season" for Commissions, and result favourably.

Some cases of tea upset England's supremacy on this continent before, and no doubt there are enthusiasts in America now who secretly wish that the tiny herring may some day prove equally useful; in the meantime the Fishery dispute is a treasure this season at humdrum watering-places, where Americans and Canadians meet to idle, and where topics of conversation are often hard to find! Fortunately there is no special irritation to cause hot words. Warned by the firmness of our Government last season, and the vigilance of our naval police, American fishermen have been more careful in keeping outside our limits; therefore there have been no seizures, and peace has reigned along our shores. At this moment, however, comes a report that two boats with their nets have been seized for alleged poaching off Prince Edward Island. An immense school of mackerel appeared on that coast last Sunday, and while the more pious Canadians refused to fish on that day, the American fishermen were less particular. About a hundred boats put to sea and took a very large haul of fish. Unfortunately only one of the Government cruisers was in those waters at the time, and some of the American vessels made their way within our limits, spite of her efforts to warn them off. Subsequently, however, the boats and seines were captured, and are now detained at Souris harbour, on the east coast of Prince Edward Island.

This question of guarding our inshore mackerel fishing is of greater import than it appears at first sight. Far from being what I heard an American call "a row about nothing," it is indeed of great consequence to us, and cannot be met, from our point of view, with too much decision. Mackerel and herring fishery is now and must always be the chief, if not the only industry on a large strip of our seaboard, and our inshore fisheries must absolutely be protected from invasion. The Americans seem to have a national aptitude for destroying, or rather exterminating, game and fish. In that country Jack has long been rather better than his master, and has accordingly prevented his master from making laws to protect forest or river. It is always the same sum in simplest arithmetic! "If I offend ten fishermen, I shall lose ten votes at my next election to Congress!" So he does not offend the fisherman, who insists on fishing with any tackle at any season, in any waters under any circumstances, and has so fished until mackerel has

vanished from his shores, and salmon from his rivers. It is rather hard that, though refusing to offend the fisherman, the Congressman should proceed to offend us; but then comes in the same sum, done backwards! "If I snub ten Canadians and steal ten of their fish, I shall get ten more votes,"—and so the game goes merrily on! The fishing on our coasts has always been better than that further south. The Government is making every effort to keep it good; let us hope our careful mother-land will help, and not ask us to abandon our rights because Brother Jonathan is a bigger boy! The question at issue does not refer to deep-sea fishing at all. It is only whether Canada shall or shall not keep her inshore waters from being ruthlessly poached over, and all the valuable fish destroyed.

Mackerel fresh taken from the cold clear water of those parts is very rich and delicious. I have seen the sea between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia like a waving sheet of nearly solid silver, as the vast "school" of mackerel swayed with the rising and falling wavelets, and remember well one cloudless breezy August day in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when we "hove to" in a steamer bound for lighthouses with their yearly supplies, and took in baskets of mackerel fresh from the glittering sea. The picture is before me now. A white boat, dancing alongside, loaded with shining fish; a tall boatman, as he slings up the baskets just filled from the living heap at his feet; and the glory of that dazzling summer morning, gay with sheen and sparkle over the amethyst of sea and sky. Clear and rich flashed the light over distant shores—on the white sails of a hundred fishing boats—on the crests of rocky islets and the fringe of a far-off wave! Fresh and sweet the light wind skimmed onward, dimming with ripples the liquid heaving blue, tossing spray against low purple headlands, chasing languid breakers as they broke, gleaming on the wet sands and playing among the tiny silver cloudlets just softening the intensely blue heaven that bent over all! Alas! let me confess, that delicious breakfast on mackerel partaken of under the awning on our steamer's deck was fatal to some of our party! They looked no more on sheen of sky or tint of sea, cared no more to watch the ripple fly past, or light shift on the shore, but in sadness and silence withdrew to their respective cabins, and "showed" again only when we lay at anchor under low red and green banks near Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island, and the moment of landing was at hand.

No wonder the American fishermen covet the freedom of these fair waters teeming with fish, fanned by bracing airs and warmed by floods of sunshine. But Canada must have some sort of reciprocity before she can waive her claims, and make sure, too, that the bargain is sound before she yields an inch. In the past, Canadians have occasionally not been sharp enough in dealing with their "spry" neighbour, who is world-renowned for his skill at a "trade." Two small instances of this national accomplishment may be here mentioned, as exemplifying the spirit in which what may be called Canada's "fish relations" with the United States are carried on about our common frontier.

The Treaty of Washington allowed free admission from Canada of "fish and fish oil," yet their Custom House officers afterwards refused to admit *whale oil* free, on the ground that a whale is not a fish; and yet at the moment those officials had before their eyes a copy of the American Tariff fixing the duties on "*whale and other fish oils*," thereby satisfactorily proving that a whale is a fish when its oil pays toll to the United States treasury, and a warm-blooded animal when it is necessary to chouse the Canadians!

Again, by provision of the same treaty "canned fish" and "fish for immediate consumption" were admitted free; but soon afterwards a tax was put on cans, and in dealing with fish packed in ice—or frozen (the only condition in which it could safely travel across the frontier in warm weather), one public-spirited Custom House officer refused to let it into the States free of duty, declaring that he considered a frozen fish a "manufacture," and therefore a taxable article! So, profiting by experience in trifling matters, it becomes a duty for the gentle and guileless Canadian to watch Uncle Sam, and see that he does not ignore too decidedly the terms of more solemn engagements.

But the battle-ground of both Press and Parliament this year was the province of Manitoba, and their war cry was "Disallowance." No question could be better for the newspapers, street knots, clubs, or drawing-rooms, because it seemed so easy to understand, and what people said sounded so well when they said it. Talk about "monopolies," "oppression," "injustice," "trampling on rights," "fetters," &c. &c., can be made very effective, and is rather the fashion now-a-days, especially when people do not understand a subject, and still like to have a

share in discussing it. The true inwardness of the subject, however, like that of many another, lay far out of sight, and was not of the kind to be brought before Parliament, as will be seen by and by. Meantime every one was glib on the main question, and the Opposition waxed furious in wrathful protest. If they did any one thing vigorously last session, it was to denounce the Government for using its ill-gotten power to prevent a young and enterprising province from building railways to increase its trade facilities, and to remind the First Minister for the hundredth time that he had once said "we cannot check Manitoba." Some Government supporters, too, did not much like standing to their guns when the enemy seemed to have so good a cause ; but Ministers were firm, and carried the day.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, with a main line of 3000 miles, passing through an almost entirely new country—much of that country peculiarly unfitted for railway construction—naturally cost a great deal of money, and when the private Company who undertook to furnish so large a share of the outlay and to build the road began to make arrangements with the Government, they naturally suggested they should like the railway to be, as far as possible, a paying concern.

Strange but true ! Even these patriotic men did not hesitate to say that if they spent so many millions of dollars—some pledge or guarantee must be given them that no other patriotic men should be allowed at once to build rival lines which might interfere with their possible dividends. That the Government agreed to this suggestion only proves they were not fools enough to expect people to work for nothing ; any way they did so agree, and among other provisions in the contract, one was made by which the Dominion Parliament bound itself that for twenty years from date of the contract no line of railway shall be built in the North West, running south of the Canadian Pacific to the boundary between the United States and Canada, except such line ran south-west, or to westward of south-west, and that it must not go within 15 miles of the said boundary. This provision was the more readily agreed to by Parliament, as it was manifest that, unless some such precaution were adopted, there was danger of Canadian trade drifting into American channels, which would result injuriously to the country at large.

But for selfish and unpatriotic reasons, which shall be presently explained, these wise limitations did not suit the people of Winnipeg, the chief town in Manitoba, who last session got a



Bill passed by the Manitoba Legislature authorizing the construction of a line, to be called the Red River Valley Railway, which should reach from Winnipeg to the boundary near Pembina in Dakota, and be commenced at once. Now although it was within the competence of the Provincial Legislature to grant a charter for a railway within its own territory, it was beyond its powers to authorize a connexion with an American railway at the frontier. The avowed object of the charter now granted was to affect such a junction, and as the diversion of Canadian trade into American channels would be the same, whether caused by the agency of a Dominion or a Provincial charter, the Dominion Government exercised the power conferred on it by the Constitution, and disallowed the Manitoba charter.

But the interests of their country, and the success of a gigantic railway enterprise in which millions of public and private money had been expended, were as nothing to certain inhabitants of Winnipeg—land speculators whose single object was to fill their own pockets. Had they not bought lands in and around that youthful city for large moneys in the past to sell them for larger moneys in the future? Was not a Red River Valley line, real or intended, the very thing to raise the market value of their "lots" and make them rich men? This road to the American boundary was just what would bring speculators like themselves, only richer in hard cash, from Chicago and St. Paul, to buy land at such extravagant prices, that even if they only handled the first instalment, and never saw a cent more on the bargain, it would exceed the original sum they had paid for this now "inflated" square of green prairie. It was nonsense to tell them there were higher interests at stake; they had gambled and would win, *côte que côte*. They would be wealthy men, any way for a time, and begin to build large stone houses, take shares on credit, and dabble on the Stock Exchange. What mattered if they failed presently and others suffered? it was always easy to dodge old liabilities and begin all over again.

So these useful citizens raised what they themselves call "a first-class row," and talked so many big words, that their fellow-citizens, if not all Manitoba, became greatly excited, and everybody gave out all round that the Government had disallowed the Bill, because they were corrupt and cruel, incompetent and short-sighted; slaves to the Canadian Pacific line, paid for fighting its battles and ready to do anything to keep up a huge monopoly that threatened Manitoba's destruction. The fire

flew and grew hotter,—it flies still. The Canadian Pacific Railway directors come in for some of it, and are (metaphorically) scathed by the terrible accusation of having good houses and good coats, and of spending money freely in the country where they made it! Foolish men! if only they had fished in their salmon rivers, sailed in their yachts, lounged about their billiard rooms, or done as many rich Canadians do, spent time and cash in idling about London and Paris to pick up swell acquaintances and to get a word with a Prince, they would die in the odour of sanctity? As it is, their lives are bothered with work and worry, and their memories will be ever stained by unjust and cruel accusations, because in weak moments they try to be useful in their generation, and give time, talents and no end of money for the development and improvement of their adopted country.

Thus the Manitoban difficulty stands; the Government has disallowed the Act; the first sod of the Red River Valley Railway has been turned, notwithstanding; speculators are still buying on margin, and the general public have gone for their holiday. Further developments are awaited, and in the meantime the prairies are flushing rich with the glory of excellent crops that have followed an unusually abundant rainfall in the North West this summer; while farmers, satisfied for once, forget politics and railway talk, as they gaze on the welcome signs of a magnificent harvest.

One Mr. Erastus Wiman, formerly of Toronto, Canada, now millionaire and speculator of New York city, has told us lately that he has discovered a remedy for all Canada's troubles, a solution for every difficulty, a balm for every wound in Commercial Union, or unrestricted Free-trade between Canada and the United States.

To discuss this seriously now seems somewhat like deliberating on what would happen, or what possible advantages would accrue to Canada, if we had an elevated railway to the moon. Fast as is the age we live in, a change so vital, so uncertain in its consequences, so difficult to plan and put into operation, seems too remote to talk of to-day; but Mr. Wiman employs his leisure in making speeches and writing articles to advocate this project, with much ability, energy and persistence. Both read and sound very pleasantly, and so long as nothing is said on the other side, they are certainly specious enough. It is, however, fortunate that in one of his last speeches on this grave question, Mr. Wiman cautions his readers against coming to a hasty conclusion

regarding it. He suggests careful consideration, deprecates a dogmatic spirit, and reminds us that, as Charles Lamb remarked about Predestination, "there is a good deal to be said on both sides."

The question of Commercial Union seems to have many sides, but perhaps the most curious one is that presented by Mr. Wiman himself in these words, "all future time could take note of the results of the experiment, and if Canada were but true to herself, and availed herself of the advantages which the United States commercially possesses, and the acceptance of which was now under discussion, hers would be the destiny to teach the ages hereafter that on the broad continent of free America, side by side with a Republic speaking the English language, governed by English laws and influenced by English literature, she worked out just as glorious a destiny under a monarchy with British forms of Government, imbued with British traditions and permeated with British loyalty." It is gratifying to know that Mr. Wiman thinks Canada under any circumstances is likely to teach "the ages hereafter," though the sentence does not clearly express whether the education is for this world or the next; but how she is to remain imbued with British traditions and permeated with British loyalty, when she is enjoying unrestricted free trade with the United States, and excluding England from her markets, it is hard to understand! Mr. Wiman is still more obscure when he says, "It was, however, hardly worth considering that the interests of British manufacturers and British merchants should stand as a permanent barrier against the free admission of American goods into Canada, provided that into the vast markets of the United States could be secured the free admission of every product which Canada possessed, &c." In other words, we are to remain imbued with British traditions and permeated with British loyalty, while we live under a commercial system contrary to the spirit of British instincts and entirely hostile to her interests!

After all Canada's puffs about loyalty, what a falling off is here

Canada cannot, England ought not, to consider the project for a moment. It is Annexation in thin clothes. It is Separation in the livery of humbug. If Canada sweeps away her Custom Houses, and is one in all her commercial interests with the United States, she will stand practically on the same footing as any other State in the Union, and the end—

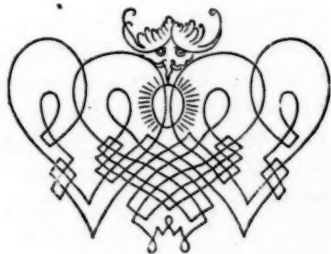
absorption—cannot be far off. But in any case we are catching at shadows, for the bait of high prices will not lure us very long. It is difficult to see how our young manufactories and industries are to escape extinction, from the enormous capital generated in the United States by years of Protection ; nor why a country which produces all that we produce, and, from the difference in her climates, even greater variety, should not equalize the cost of everything we raise by raising more of it herself. She has land enough, and hands enough to do this, and it does not yet appear why Congress should be supposed ready to sanction any arrangement by which, according to advocates for Commercial Union, such immense benefits should be heaped on a foreign country, which in case of war with England would surely be the basis of operations, a country which would at all times present the curious anomaly of a nation practically living under one flag, and absolutely cheering for another!

The Canadian people, however, highly approve of free interchange of natural products from both countries as established by the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and regretted when the United States—in revenge for supposed sympathy of England and Canada with the South—abolished it in 1865. The Canadian Government is always ready for the renewal of that treaty, and in their Tariff Act is a standing provision to allow the Governor-General to meet, by proclamation, any United States Congressional legislation, either in the way of reduction or abolition of American duties on such products. If Canada then desire to be true to herself, she will accomplish it more easily by securing, if possible, some such advantage from the United States, instead of discussing a project that will make her loyalty a joke—destroy her identity as well as her markets—and transform her into an additional State of the Union, before the “ages hereafter” which we are told she has come to teach shall have time to learn their lesson!

I observe that it has been urged that the increased duty on iron imposed by the Canadian Parliament last session is held by a portion of the English press to be an evidence of feeling hostile to England. It is not so, however.

In 1879 Canada, after full deliberation and an appeal to the people, wisely or unwisely, adopted the protective system with respect to most articles of commerce which she is able to produce for herself, and considered that as England gave the Colonies no advantage over foreigners in her market—the

Colonies were at liberty in the adjustment of their taxation to grant no special privileges to England. This policy has, in the opinion of the people of Canada, been so successful, that it has been ratified at two General Elections since 1879. The legislation of last session was only an extension of the protective principle to the mining district of the Dominion. Our country has vast wealth of iron-ore and coal in juxtaposition, but it has been found that, without protection, capitalists could not be persuaded to invest in the development of such wealth. So, after waiting nine years, it has been thought necessary to give that measure of protection, in the shape of an increased duty upon imports from other countries.



## Major Lawrence, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.

### BOOK V.—THE DEPTHS UNFOLD.

#### CHAPTER I.

ALGERNON CATHERS had not arrived when they reached the house, and his wife waited, evidently in no slight excitement, for his return. There were apparently no private sitting-rooms in this hotel. It was, so empty, however, that they had been able to take exclusive possession of the principal public one, which opened out of the billiard room, the only other alternative offered by the landlord—that of clearing a bedroom—Algernon Cathers having indignantly scouted. Young Mordaunt now challenged the Colonel to a game of billiards, and they went into the next room, to play it, leaving his sister alone. The door was open and they could see her moving restlessly up and down, now and then going to a window to see if there were any signs of her husband's return. When after some delay he did arrive, he took the matter with extreme composure.

"Slapped her, did she? Well how do you know she did not deserve it?" they heard him say laughingly. "If there is an enraging little puss when she chooses, it is Miss Jan. But for my habitual awe of you, my love, I have no doubt I should have boxed her ears soundly many times myself, before now!"

Lady Eleanor's voice trembled. "Algernon!" she began in a tone of vehement anger, then checking herself—"Don't, please, tease me to-day," she said entreatingly, "I am really serious about this. It has given me a great shock. I feel as if I could never trust the child out of my sight again. As for that woman, I have told her that she must go. After what I have



seen to-day, I could never speak to her again, or bear to know that she was in the house. I should always feel that she might be doing Jan an injury."

"Pooh! nonsense, my dear! that is all moonshine and excitability. You fly into an heroic rage about a trifle, and then want to pack the victim of it off at a moment's notice. Is that what you call Christian charity and generosity? It appears to me to bear a much more striking resemblance to spite, malice, and all uncharitableness—Of course I am open to correction!"

"A trifle! How can you call striking Jan a trifle? striking her really hard!"

"Pooh! you don't pretend to say that it did the monkey harm? All children require slapping on occasion."

"No one shall strike a child of mine as long as I"—Lady Eleanor began in a tone of no great meekness. She checked herself, however, before finishing her sentence. "You are only saying this to tease me, I know, Algernon," she said pleadingly. "I entreat you to listen seriously to me for once, I am in earnest, most earnest. Do not oppose me, please; I do not want to do anything vindictive, but I will never see her again, or allow her to be with Jan; I should never know an easy moment if I did."

"And I tell you, my dear, that that is all moonshine and excitability. You are always in some portentous fuss or other about that ridiculous child—everything is sacrificed to her!"

"Algernon, that is not true! You know that is not true! I don't say that I am not angry to-day: any woman would have been, if she had seen what I saw—even if she had not been the child's mother. I don't like appealing to Mordaunt," she went on, as her brother appeared at the door of the room with a billiard-cue in his hand, "but please ask him yourself, Algernon. He and Colonel Lawrence saw her strike Jan, and they will tell you that it was no motherly imagination upon my part."

"She thumped the child about as hard as she could lick," young Mordaunt said emphatically. "There's no doubt she ought to get the sack. If she were a man, I should say a jolly good hiding into the bargain."

Algernon Cathers had got his back to the empty fire-place, and was smoothing down his moustache with a couple of fingers, a mocking smile playing over his face as he did so.

"We haven't heard the whole of the evidence yet," he said. "Call in the other witness; why does he keep out of sight?"—

then John Lawrence also appeared, cue in hand, at the door—"There you are, Colonel. Now let us have your version of the affair, and for heaven's sake don't spare your eloquence. Remember, we depend on you. Give us the whole scene: the furious virago—the wounded child—the indignant mother rushing to the rescue—the heroic friends supporting her—the terrified spectators. Don't turn away, man, don't you see you are keeping us upon the tenterhooks of expectation?"

But the Colonel *had* turned away boiling over with contempt and indignation, an indignation which made havoc of his good resolutions about not allowing himself to lose his temper with Algernon Cathers. Had Lady Eleanor not been present, there is no knowing what long pent-up indignation might not have exploded, and exploded, like other pent-up materials, the more violently for their previous resistance. Happily for the interests of peace she was there, and therefore her husband was safe under her aegis. To remain calm and self-restrained under such gratuitous provocation was more than flesh and blood could be expected to do. Colonel Lawrence snatched up his hat, which was lying on a chair, and made for the door.

He was apparently not the only person whom the scene had struck unpleasantly. That evening, as they were sitting together in the smoking-room, young Mordaunt, after fidgeting about in a premonitory fashion, burst out with—

"Look here, Lawrence! About my brother-in-law—about Cathers?"

John looked as he was requested, but made no further demonstration, beyond an interrogative "Yes?"

"How does he strike you? Do you hit it off with him? Don't mind telling me the truth,"—as the other merely looked at the point of his cigar. "Beyond being my sister's husband, he's nothing to me. In fact, I know him less than I know heaps of fellows. Odd, but it's the fact. They're always out here, you know, in the winter, and of course I can't get away then on account of the hunting, so that I never see my sister except in London, when there are lots of other people about. He's always very festive and amusing—chaffing and that sort of thing, you know—when he is in good-humour—wonderfully so, considering he is so seedy. I suppose, by the way, he is very seedy, eh?"

"Very," the Colonel answered laconically. It was a safe point to lay stress on, fortunately.

"Because Eleanor has never talked to me about his health."

"She thinks a great deal about it, you may be sure."

"Oh well, I suppose it really is so then?"

If Colonel Lawrence flattered himself that the young man was silenced he was speedily undeceived, for he presently burst out again.

"I say, Lawrence, I see you don't want to talk about it—naturally a fellow don't talk of what goes on behind the scenes, but you see it's different with me. I'm Eleanor's brother, and the only man she has to back her up, except my father, who is not—well, who does not see much of her. Of course one don't want to be rough on a fellow when he's seedy, still there are limits. A man must behave decently even if he's dying, at least he must if he's a gentleman. I can't say I liked the way he went on to-day about that woman—Mlle. Riaz, or whatever her name is—sniggering, you know, when he saw that Eleanor was really upset about the child. I don't call it *manly*. I don't think he behaved as he ought, and what's more, I've a deuced good mind to tell him so before I go. Only I thought I'd best say something to you first, because you've seen more of them lately than I have, and you're pals with Eleanor, and would know how matters really stood; whether it was only his manner, I mean, or what?"

John Lawrence hesitated. He respected the lad's impulse, and would not have been sorry to see his honest directness let loose upon the other's pampered self-satisfaction. There were more important interests, however, to be considered in the matter than these.

"I think if I were you I would talk it over with Lady Eleanor, before saying anything to Cathers," he answered slowly. "Of course I perfectly agree with all that you have been saying, still you must remember that your sister's position is a very difficult one, and you might make matters worse."

"How do you mean difficult?"

"Well, on account of his health chiefly. You can see yourself that she puts up with many things that no woman who was married to a strong man would endure for a moment."

"Confound his health! She puts up with a lot too much, I consider. Why does she let him badger her so? If he isn't too ill to eat, and drink, and amuse himself, and get through any amount of money, he isn't too ill to have the truth told him. I can't make Eleanor out. When she was a girl she could hold her own with any one. I'm sure she used to hustle *me* about

pretty freely! But now she's as meek as a mouse. I believe if Cathers gave her a whack over the head she would only say 'thank you!'

John Lawrence smiled rather a forced smile. He was of that opinion himself. "The positions are not quite the same, are they?" he said. "A woman must put up with her husband if she intends to go on living with him. You may be sure that the one object your sister keeps before her mind night and day is to avoid self-reproach."

"Self-reproach? Why the deuce should she feel self-reproach for telling him the truth?"

"Well, he is very excitable, you see, and has always been miserably spoilt. If he is contradicted it upsets him, and it is supposed to be very bad for his health to be upset."

Young Mordaunt whistled. "Well, it's all very fine and devoted, and like—what was that fool of a woman's name?—Griselda, you know," he said, as he got up and lit himself a candle. "But I must say I call it rot! As you advise me not to do so, I won't say anything to Cathers till I've talked it over with Eleanor, but I shall tell *her* pretty plainly what I think. A woman must obey her husband, of course—I shall expect my wife to obey *me*, I can tell you—but I don't see the sense of people letting themselves be bullied for nothing—trying, too, to look as if they liked it! Lord! I should expect a woman to give me strychnine in my tea if I were to badger her as Cathers badgers Eleanor!"

After the young fellow had departed, John Lawrence lingered on in the uninviting smoking-room, musing long and deeply. It certainly seemed to him too that matters were getting to a tolerably unendurable pass. The charm that had lulled him into a temporary state of contentment at Spezia was broken. He felt restless and ill at ease, with himself as well as with others. There was a feeling of storm in the air, a storm with ugly things afloat in it! Had she really resolved to endure anything, no matter how insulting to her pride and womanly dignity, rather than defend herself? It hurt *his* pride in her to think so, even while in another way he revered her for it. If she had—and it looked extremely like it—it was equally plain that her husband had taken in the situation thoroughly, and that it lent him courage to go to lengths that he might otherwise, for his own sake, not have hazarded. He was a cur. That had been our hero's opinion thirteen years earlier, and he

was more than ever convinced of it now. He possessed precisely that variety of courage which rushes upon the combat only when it is evident that the adversary declines it—the courage of the cur! As regards his own position, too, every hour made it clearer that it was untenable. He was not given to troubling his head about his dignity, still, to remain an appendage of the Cathers party, against the wishes of the head of that party—the unresisting target of his sneers and insults—was more than mere average flesh and blood could be expected to stand. Even for Lady Eleanor's sake he could not profess to do so; nay, he was by no means sure that he would not be injuring her by attempting it. The situation, in short, had reached a point where a very little more, one way or other, would at any moment provoke a crisis!

## CHAPTER II.

Apparently young Mordaunt did not receive his sister's permission to try his hand at cutting the knot of her domestic difficulties, for no scene took place between him and Algernon Cathers. He was rather curt in his manner to the latter, that being probably the form which his pent-up irritation assumed, and when, a few days afterwards, his visit came to an end and he returned to England, his brother-in-law shot after him a valedictory fire of witticisms, which, if it did the departed guardsman no great harm, brought a spot of vexed colour to his sister's cheek, and for her sake aroused a corresponding sensation of anger in the breast of our hero.

He did not take up the cudgels, however, wisely thinking that it was not worth while. The contest between him and Algernon Cathers, whenever it did come, had better be upon some larger issue.

It did not seem as if it could be delayed much longer; indeed it was only by an almost superhuman effort of patience, aided by a sense that the situation was in the nature of things transitory, that he was able to keep his temper and indignation within bonds, and so prevent a premature explosion.

A couple of days after young Mordaunt's departure he happened, for instance, to be reading in the billiard-room, the husband and wife being in the next room, and the door ajar, when he heard Algernon Cathers ask querulously for the newspaper which had come that morning.



Lady Eleanor said that she would fetch it. She believed that it had been left upon the seat outside.

"Don't go; send one of the servants," her husband said irritably.

"They are at dinner."

"Well, that supplementary servant of yours, then. He's not at dinner. He eats with us!"

"Who can you mean, Algernon?"

"Who? Why, Lawrence, of course—that delightful Colonel of yours—Lawrence the indefatigable, Lawrence the invaluable, Lawrence the anything and everything! You keep him to fetch and carry, and run your errands for you, don't you?"

"You know perfectly well, Algernon, I do nothing of the sort!" she said indignantly.

"Don't you? Really, I must apologize. I was under the impression that you did! it seems to me what he is chiefly fit for. He always makes me think of some sort of asinine centaur—half man, half beast of burden—I never before felt so clear about the reality of the creature's existence!"

John Lawrence's ears tingled, as the most innocent ears will tingle which overhear, however involuntarily, similarly pleasing sentiments. He wondered angrily whether Algernon Cathers could have been aware that he was within earshot, and if so, whether those delightful observations were intended to have been overheard. Apparently, this was not the case, for a couple of minutes later the door opened, and Lady Eleanor came in. She looked tired and dejected, as she often had done of late, but not at all self-conscious as regards himself.

He went to fetch a chair for her, and on his way back was arrested by some remark of hers. In itself it was nothing of the least importance, but her eyes, as she uttered it, rested upon him—rested, he at once perceived—with a peculiar kindliness. There was something new, it struck him, in her expression; a mixture of admiration and of a sort of pity; a beam, at any rate, of unusual tenderness, a tenderness which—far removed as it was from anything approaching passion—thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before. She made another casual remark and left again, without even sitting down in the chair which he had set for her, but the effect of that beam remained, and warmed him throughout the remainder of the day. If it would ensure his getting one such a week, he said to himself fervently, he would put up with Algernon Cathers' small insolences for a year to come if necessary.



That capricious personage had suddenly announced his intention of returning, not to Genoa as had previously been arranged, but to Viareggio, a watering-place at that time almost unknown to English visitors. He detested Genoa, he said, and loathed Spezia and Nervi, and all the other\* places they had been to before. If they were to go creeping along like sick snails, it was better at least to go to some place where the very chairs and tables were not scored over like bad dreams by a thousand associations of bygone tediousness.

The last few days at Pisa were not comfortable. Algernon Cathers had caught a cold, which did not add to his amenity. He lay most of the day upon the sofa, with his wife, of course, in close attendance. John Lawrence made no enquiries about Mlle. Riaz, but not seeing anything of her, concluded that she had left Pisa. To himself the young man's manner was derisive to the verge of insolence. After having so long urged him not to desert them, he seemed now to desire to get rid of him, and to be working with that purpose in every way short of the direct. The perception of that fact would, under other circumstances, have inclined our hero rather to stay the more. The hotel did not belong to Algernon Cathers, and there was no reason therefore that he should leave it to oblige him. He was not sure, however, how Lady Eleanor regarded the matter. To leave her to the undivided force of her husband's powers of petty torturing was dreadful, but what if his presence made matters worse? What if Algernon Cathers took it into his head to be jealous of their friendship? Not an impossible contingency, seeing that jealousy by no means of necessity entails affection?

At Viareggio the situation did not improve. Essentially a summer place, its season had not yet begun. There was a new hotel upon the Plage, but it was not yet open, and the one they were obliged to go to seemed to have been hurriedly adapted for the purpose for which it was used. The sitting-room into which they were shown, by a flushed and fluttered landlady, had a flavour of garlic, and all the pieces of furniture appeared to need propping by other pieces, the remnant, apparently, of a still more disorganized set. Algernon upon entering shuddered convulsively, and sat down upon one of the rickety couches, coughing, and pressing his hand to his chest with an air of unspeakable disgust, while the other two looked at one another with the wide-eyed dismay of a couple of shipwrecked mariners.

Finding that he could do nothing to mitigate the severity of the situation, nay, that his presence only made matters worse, the Colonel departed for a solitary walk, leaving Lady Eleanor and the servants to arrange themselves as best they could in their new quarters. His own impressions of Viareggio improved after a while. The wind was blowing inshore, and the sea fell upon the shingle with a wild rushing of excited breakers that faintly recalled the uplifted crests and thunderous fall of the Atlantic. There was something refreshingly salt, northern, and vigorous about the whole scene, despite the melting curves of the Apennines, and the pink-faced campaniles which dotted the nearer slopes. The little town seemed to be just standing upon the line where fishing-village merges into watering-place. There was a row of smart bathing-boxes upon the shore, which the carpenters were even then making gay inside with muslin and striped calico, and outside with small flags and gleaming tin ornamentations, in preparation for the arrival of the Pisans and Florentines who were to take possession of them. A little further on these vanities ceased, however, and the more permanent fishing portion of the community had it all their own way. As he came up to the nearest pier he found a crowd of people collected upon it, watching the incoming of the boats as they swept into the harbour. Colonel Lawrence walked to the end of the pier, and watched it with them.

It was a picturesque scene, and a pretty bit of steering. The boats, as they were carried past, were lifted high up on the shoulders of the incoming wave, and then dropped again in comparatively sheltered water, the disappointed billow racing along the edge of the pier and deluging the feet of the excited watchers. He wished Lady Eleanor could have been with him to see it, instead of sitting with such resolute patience in that dreadful room. He mourned over her youth and resolutely repressed vitality with a regret which he might have felt for some magnificently endowed hawk or sea-bird debarred from its natural right of flying. It was not her husband's fault, seeing that he was debarred also; but our friend had got into that state of exasperation when no man can boast of being perfectly just, and he resented it as if it had been.

It was dusk by the time he returned, the sea and his own thoughts having led him further than he had intended. Those thoughts had brought him, at any rate, to one definite

conclusion, and that was, that he would leave Viareggio the next day. When a position is plainly untenable, the only thing, he said to himself, to do is to beat a retreat in as good order as possible. He was just entering the hotel when, greatly to his surprise, he almost brushed against Mlle. Riaz, who was coming hastily in the opposite direction. She passed him without speaking or apparently noticing his presence, and he pursued his way upstairs to the sitting-room.

Here he found Lady Eleanor with her little girl on her lap, silently turning over a picture-book which was one of Jan's special possessions. Algernon Cathers lay upon the sofa, staring at the ceiling with an expression of pettish disgust, which he did not trouble himself to remove from his face when he turned to look at the new comer. There was such an evident tension about the whole atmosphere that the Colonel decided that it would be wisest for him to keep as much as possible out of the way, lest his presence should provoke an explosion, and accordingly he announced his intention of dining that night at the *table-d'hôte*. This intention he was unable to carry out, there proving to be no *table-d'hôte*. He did so far realize it as to dine downstairs in a room opening upon the back regions of the hotel, where he was served upon a round-topped marble table, which at some period of its existence had been white, and where he presently discovered that the Cathers' footman and valet were his neighbours at a similar one close by. Decidedly, he said to himself, the situation was becoming impossible.

### CHAPTER III.

He was a long time that night getting to sleep. His resolution sat heavy upon his breast; his imagination, too, persisted in following the further proceedings of the travellers after he should have quitted them. At last he fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a sudden tapping at his door, and by a voice calling loudly, "Colonel Lawrence! Colonel Lawrence!"

He started up wide-awake in an instant. The room was pitch-dark, there was a sulphurous smell, and the voice at the door was still calling insistently.

"Is that *you*, Lady Eleanor?" he cried in a tone of profound astonishment.

"Yes, it is I. Thank God, you are awake! I was so afraid the door was locked, and that I could never make you hear me. Get up, please, and dress. The house is on fire."

"On fire! And you? are you safe?"

"I am quite safe. But hurry, please hurry!"

"Is every one else safe? Where is Jan?"

"Jan is safe too. I left her outside with the servants."

"And you came back to call me?" Then, before she could answer. "Don't stay, I implore you," he added. "Get out of doors. For God's sake, run no risks! I will be with you in a minute."

He had by this time nearly got into his clothes. Outside he could hear a rapid scurrying to-and-fro of feet, and see a dull glow shining redly upon some bushes.

Finishing his toilette by thrusting his feet into his boots, minus the stockings which he failed to find, he hastened down the stairs, which were fortunately close at hand. Smoke was bursting out of the various apertures, but there being little wood, the house did not blaze as an English one would have done. He heard a dull crackling noise overhead as if it were burning from the roof downward. At the foot of the stairs Lady Eleanor was standing. She was very pale, but gave a look of sudden relief as he joined her. She had a large cloak thrown over her arm.

Apparently the conflagration was proceeding more rapidly at the other side of the house, for the light upon the trees and bushes was stronger. Several figures passed them rushing along in that direction, some carrying pieces of furniture, one woman who had saved a bedroom jug was carefully bearing it away in the opposite direction from the fire.

"Where is your husband?" he enquired.

"On the *piazza*. I must go to him at once, for I am afraid he has not wraps enough on. I brought away this cloak on purpose."

He took it from her and they hastened towards the groups of people gathered in front of the house.

"How was it found out?" he asked, as they were hurrying along.

"It was Algernon who gave the warning."

"How was that? Was he awake?"

She hesitated a moment. "No, he was asleep in his dressing-room. Mlle. Riaz came to his door and woke him."

"And you?"

"I was not asleep, thank God! and heard her. If I had been," she shuddered violently and paused, then, after a moment, "Oh, I *must* tell you; it is too dreadful! Do you know what she told him? She told him that I had already gone; that I had left the house!"

"Good heavens! And he believed her?"

"He must have done so. I sprang up and got hold of Jan, who was sleeping in the next room. Then I ran to his room to see if I could help him to dress, but he was already gone. That is what makes me so afraid that he has not enough wraps on."

John Lawrence said no more. To his mind it suggested quite different reflections, which he refrained from specifying.

They were by this time close to where the groups of people were standing. Having seen Lady Eleanor in the vicinity of her own servants, the Colonel hastened away to see whether he could make himself of use. A number of men were standing in a cluster gazing with much interest at the fire, and gesticulating energetically, but without an idea, apparently, of rendering any more practical assistance. By dint of straining his limited Italian to the uttermost, and of flinging himself energetically into the work, he induced half-a-dozen of them to assist in organizing a line of buckets to the tank in the garden. The idea, which apparently had not occurred to any of the lookers-on, was at last taken up with some spirit, and a sufficient discharge of water directed towards a given point to hinder the advance of the conflagration. There was apparently no one else to issue any orders; the unfortunate woman who had shown them to their rooms was rushing about half-dressed, appealing alternately to every one she met and being equally disregarded by all. Fire-engines or any organization for extinguishing conflagrations there were evidently none.

A quarter of an hour later he was standing a little apart, superintending the operations from a distance, when a figure came suddenly rushing towards him, and Lady Eleanor almost flew into his arms, clinging to him, and all but embracing him in her vehemence.

"Colonel Lawrence, John, help me! For God's sake help me," she moaned convulsively.

"Elly! Are you hurt?" he cried, the old name so long disused instinctively springing to his lips in his alarm.

"No, no. It is Jan! She is lost. I cannot find her. God help me!"



"Jan lost? impossible! Where did you see her last? She is with some of the servants."

"No, I have asked them all. Peacock went back to try and get my dressing-case, finding that the fire did not seem to be gaining, and left her standing there. None of the others were responsible for her, and she ran away presently as they thought to join her father, but he has not seen her. Oh, John, speak to me! tell me where she can be? My heart is bursting with terror."

"Not far off, you may be sure. Don't give way. Be calm. Be like yourself."

Oh, I cannot! That woman—I am haunted with thoughts of my little Jan in her power. She detests me, and would do anything in the world to spite me. But we are losing time. For God's sake go, go! Call all those people together and offer them a reward! offer a thousand pounds! anything if they will find her. I have no one to turn to but you. Oh Jan! My little Jan!"

"Don't terrify yourself so. Believe me, we shall find her," he said confidently. "I pledge you my word that we shall."

She looked up at him, as if trying to catch hope from his belief.

"You really think so? You are not saying so only to comfort me?" she said earnestly.

"No, I am sure of it. Only keep calm till I come back. I promise not to do so till I have found her."

"If I could think so! Oh, Jan, my darling, my treasure, my little comfort! If God would have let me die first!" she moaned.

The agonised tone sent a thrill through her hearer's heart. "Hush, hush, for God's sake keep calm!" he cried. "Trust me, I will bring her to you. You are trembling so that you can hardly stand. Sit down there. Trust me; you may indeed."

He placed her upon one of the garden seats, and broke away, every nerve tingling with the impassioned clinging of her hands. Though he had abstained from letting her see it, his great fear was that the child might have stayed, from ignorance or curiosity, too close to the burning building, and have been injured by the falling stones or beams. With this idea he carefully made the circuit of the house, examining every corner, and entering it for some distance, regardless of the volumes of smoke which now penetrated every portion of it. He met some of the servants from time to time, scouring the place in all directions and



making the air ring with the child's name. One of the men whom he questioned remembered having last seen her standing upon the path which led from the hotel to the sea. His master was only a little further on upon the same path, and he had therefore concluded, he said, that the child was under his care.

This gave a new direction to the Colonel's thoughts, and he went down to the shore and carefully retraced all his steps of the previous afternoon. It was by this time beginning to get light, and a pale glow was breaking over the sea, against which he could distinguish the three piers, the two further ones between which the harbour lay, and a smaller one, built upon light wooden posts and destined for the service of the bathers. He walked to the end of this, and carefully examined the edge of the shore in both directions. Here and there white bundles of foam had collected in the pockets of sand, and he felt a sick terror of at any moment seeing a little face looking up at him from the midst of one of them, a small white face with grey staring eyes.

He spent an hour or more in the search, while the sun crept gradually up from behind the mountains, and the West grew first yellow and then gold. He was only half-dressed, he had just lost everything he had with him; he had not an idea where he was going to sleep that night, but still he went on doggedly. He would not go back, he told himself. If he failed to find the child, the police—if such functionaries existed in Viareggio—must be set upon the track. He himself would scour all Europe, but he would find her. The thought of her mother's face haunted him incessantly. Rather than meet it without her, he would never, he said to himself, see it at all again.

He sought at first hopefully, then wildly, despairingly, as the wife and friends of Shelley sought him fifty years earlier over the same ground. It was light enough now to see everything with perfect distinctness. A pale violet mist shrouded the lower ridge of the hills, and against this pallid background the black smoke from the burning house rolled away southward in inky volumes. By this time alarm was beginning to gain possession of him. If in the broad daylight the child continued undiscovered, it would certainly seem as if some evil chance had befallen her. An intense longing to hear the sound of her little high-pitched voice haunted him. Ever since he had known little Jan he had been fond of her, but now to see her alive seemed the one thing on earth he craved—the thing which he would gladly die to obtain.

He was turning away at last, his heart like lead in his breast, when he noticed that the door of one of the bathing-boxes, already mentioned, was slightly ajar. It seemed unlikely that the child, in the dead of night, would have had the sense to seek out so safe an asylum for herself. It was too near, too simple, too prosaically satisfactory to be probable; still, in despair rather than hope, he pushed the door open and went in.

It seemed perfectly empty, and, having looked round with that sinking of the heart which the extinguishing of a hope, even a foolish one, produces, he was going out again, when his ear caught a faint sound from behind the door. He turned hastily round, and there—upon a heap of loose shavings and pieces of calico swept together by the workmen, as soundly and satisfactorily asleep as though in her own bed in the nursery—lay the cause of all his trouble, her black eyelashes glued to her little pale cheeks, her small mouth even in sleep keeping its pronounced air of baby self-possession.

The poor Colonel uttered something very like a howl of exultation. Flinging himself beside the child, he caught her in excited arms as a father might have done, and hugged her again and again with transport.

As usual, Miss Jan took the situation with extreme composure.

"Mutht I get up?" she enquired, rubbing a pair of sleepy eyes, and exhibiting no surprise at all at the position in which she found herself.

"Get up, you little insensible monster! why where do you imagine you are? Do you know that poor mother is breaking her heart about her little Jan—that she thinks her lost?"

"I cudn't see Muddie, so I tum—" Her eyes shut, and she was asleep again.

He picked her up as he might have done some tiny bundle, and rushed with her in his arms up the slope. No one was about. The Cathers' servants were searching the village, a false report having directed attention there. The rest of the community, save a few who had been bribed to aid in the search, were still collected about the smoking building. Stockingless, hatless, the child like a log in his arms, the Colonel hurried on, every moment an hour till he could put her into her mother's arms. Half-way to what had yesterday been the hotel, he saw Lady Eleanor coming miserably back from her last unsuccessful search. Seeing him, she paused, then started vehemently forward with a cry. She had not gone far, however,

before, to his astonishment, she paused again and stood as if glued to the spot, her eyes riveted upon him and his burden, her cheek blanching as though she were at the point of death. Then, without a word or a cry, she flung out her arms, staggered a few yards forward, and before he could reach her fell to the ground, and lay there, apparently without life or movement.

Not till too late did the reason dart through his brain. The child was so fast asleep that he had carried her at full length as he might have done had she been dead. It was so much the simplest way that it had never occurred to him how the attitude might be misinterpreted.

"But she is well, she is alive, she is all right!" he shouted vehemently. "Here, wake up, Jan; show yourself to mother!" he shook the child into a sitting attitude with unnecessary violence in his perturbation. "Good God, what a fool I was not to think of it!"

They had reached the spot. For the second time that morning he had her in his arms. After a momentary agony of sleepiness, Jan seemed to realize the situation, and threw herself upon her mother, kissing, and patting her cheek again and again with her two little warm hands. From the first fainting-fit of her life Eleanor Cathers was roused by the kisses of her little daughter. She came to herself, not with any gradual struggle into consciousness, but with a glad eager rush into life, all the woman and mother alive and awake in a moment. Catching the child in her arms, she held her in a grasp which seemed as if it could never be unloosed, which had in it something of the elemental passion of all motherhood. All the agonised endurance of the last two hours, all the unacknowledged grief of years, the whole repressed personality of the woman, seemed embodied in that starving, idolizing clutch upon the little lithe body, which on its side clung with equal tenacity. For the moment mother and child were one: joined in a union closer than any mere material contact.

At last she lifted her head and turned to him. Whether there was a pitying response in his face which touched afresh the fountain of her tears, or whether it was merely the after-effect of the long terror and fatigue, suddenly her overtaxed nerves gave way, and she burst into a passionate sob.

"Oh, John, what should I have done if you had not been here? All my life you have been helping me! I am not worth it, I am not, indeed!" she cried.

The broken accents gave him a sense of keen unreasoning happiness. Poor fellow! His love, you see, had flourished upon such sorry provender! Honesty vindicated itself, however.

"I did nothing," he said hastily. "All the rescuing that was done was done by herself. I found her asleep as safely as if she had never left her own cot."

She seemed hardly to hear. Her tears flowed as if once opened there was no limit to that reservoir from which they came. The self-restraint, the stoicism, the settled calm of the woman had broken down. The flood-gates were open at last. She seemed neither to know where she was, or who saw her. The need for relief had come. For the moment it, and not her will, was the master.

He stood by, silent and helpless; all the love of his life in his honest eyes, but not a word upon his tongue. It seemed to him that he understood what was meant by that flood; that he could see, as it were, what was being carried upon its waters. The girl's hopes; the young wife's confidence; the slow steep descent down the hill of disillusion; and now the woman's lot, pricked through and through with a thousand wounds, each worse for its very smallness; more cruel than the lot of many a woman who earns her children's bread through the pitiless streets. He longed to the degree of pain to help her; to lift the burden, if it were ever so little, off her shoulders. His heart was wrung with mingled pity and reverence: pity, which made him yearn to gather her up into his own strong arms; reverence, which made him forbear from uttering even a too-sympathetic word. The worst was that though he believed he knew what she was feeling, he was not sure. There might be other currents with which his own sympathy would be at most a doubtful ingredient. He had that baffling sense of remoteness and aloofness which we experience beside all sufferers, especially beside those whom we supremely love; whose troubles are our troubles, yet which we are powerless often to touch by so much as the tip of one's fingers. She was not at all events thinking of him, and let a man be never so generous, there is a sting about that reflection which adds its own essentially private acuteness to every other. What little he could do for her he did do. He waited patiently beside her until the first strength of the paroxysm was exhausted. Then he took her and Jan back along the sloping Plage, and left them, with an entreaty that they would go and rest, in the judicious hands of Mrs. Peacock.

## CHAPTER IV.

The most serious result of the fire proved to be its effect upon Algernon Cathers. When, after a few hours' sleep snatched in an arm-chair of the hotel, or rather fifth-rate inn to which they had migrated, the Colonel went to enquire after Lady Eleanor, he was startled to find her standing fully dressed at the head of the stairs, her white face and purple-lidded eyes showing that she had not even tried to find repose. Her husband, she told him, had been seized with violent hæmorrhage about an hour before. The apothecary of the village was with him, and she had telegraphed to their own doctor at Mentone, imploring him to come without delay, and was momentarily expecting his answer.

"He has had attacks like this before," she said; "but never, I think, so bad. The worst is that there seems no provision for illness here. If we were at Spezia or anywhere where English medicines are to be had, it would make all the difference. I know what to get, but they seem to have nothing here, and he cannot possibly be moved at present."

John at once offered to start off, either to Florence or Genoa, and bring back whatever was required, reproaching himself for having slept so long. The suggestion was eagerly caught at, and half an hour afterwards he departed with a long list of indispensables for the whole party.

There was so much to do that he found it impossible to return the same night; and when he did get back, he found that Dr. Mulligan had meantime arrived. He more than confirmed the view that Lady Eleanor had taken of her husband's attack, and at her entreaty agreed to remain with them; the Mentone season was at an end, and his patients dispersed, so that he was able to afford the time.

He was a genial little man, "very Irish," his friends said, and an old friend of the Cathers. This statement, by the way, requires some rectification, Dr. Mulligan's opinion of his patient not being much more flattering than John Lawrence's own. To make up, he was a sworn adorer of Lady Eleanor; had been, he declared, ever since, a little girl of thirteen, she had first come to Mentone with Lady Mordaunt.

If Algernon Cathers was difficult to manage while he was, comparatively speaking, well, it may be imagined that he was



not less so now that he was prostrated. A sick man has privileges, but even a sick man may exceed them. Dr. Mulligan used to come raging into the room where John Lawrence sat dawdling over a newspaper, and perform a sort of jig or waltz to work off the steam of his indignation. Mlle. Riaz had happily disappeared, to all appearance, into air, for nothing had been heard of her since the night of the fire. Another comfort was that the landlord of their inn proved to be a person of some resource, and under the stimulus of *carte blanche* did wonders in the way of improving the comfort of the party. Some alleviation was certainly needed, for Algernon Cathers left little to be desired in the way of increasing difficulties. He refused to have a nurse, or to allow any of the servants to attend him, so that all attendance fell upon the doctor and Lady Eleanor. To make matters worse, his chronic, but usually suppressed, irritation against his wife seemed to have suddenly risen to the point of acuteness. He could not refuse her help, for he was wholly dependent upon her. She supported him for hours; fanned him to sleep; read to him when he was disposed to listen; put aside all other occupations, refusing even Jan's company, in order to concentrate herself upon him. Nothing, however, seemed of any avail. It was as if some lurking animosity had suddenly sprung into venomous life: his reception of her, his tone, his very looks being marked by a bitterness which startled even those who, like Dr. Mulligan, were not prepared to expect any marked consideration in that direction.

Lady Eleanor herself took it very quietly; quite, indeed, as a matter of course. In the largeness of his unoccupied leisure John Lawrence's thoughts wandered a good deal round the subject of her point of view, round the secret of that matchless endurance of hers. Did she fix her mind so exclusively upon the fact of her husband's physical condition that everything else became, as it were, a detail, a mere symptom, more or less acute, but devoid of any personal bearing?

Meanwhile she seemed to him to be visibly growing paler and more shadowy; she lost appetite, and failed to sleep, even when she allowed herself time to do so. Dr. Mulligan professed alarm. Her constitution, he owned, was magnificent, but there is a point beyond which even a magnificent constitution declines to be pushed. One day John Lawrence ventured to remonstrate. He didn't know if she was aware of it, but she was wearing herself to death, he said, any one could see it. She



ought, if only for her children's sake, to let the servants do what they could. What object was there in killing herself?

She cut his remonstrance short at the first word, with a peremptoriness new to their intercourse.

"You don't understand! They could do nothing—absolutely nothing!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Only people who have either themselves highly-strung temperaments, or who have lived with those that have, can understand the suffering which any jar, the slightest possible carelessness, entails. People with ordinary nerves, people who are always well and strong, cannot be expected to understand. I don't suppose you can even *imagine* how Algernon feels. I shouldn't myself, only that I have been studying him so long. It is ridiculous to try and judge other people by our own utterly different sensations. As ridiculous as it would be for a horse or a dog to pretend to understand the feelings of a bird. How could they?"

John Lawrence felt snubbed. He was not conscious of such an outrageous degree of robustness as to be utterly debarred from understanding how more sensitive natures feel. He felt aggrieved too, as we all do, at being relegated to a condition of brutal healthfulness, put into the category of those stolid ones who are unable to understand the very alphabet of the pangs which more sensitive spirits endure from the fetters of the flesh. "Why must Algernon Cathers monopolise all the sensitiveness as well as all the care?" he said to himself irritably.

Lady Eleanor had gone back to her husband's room, after that crushing rejoinder about the Colonel's healthfulness, so that he was left with the uncomfortable impression of having displeased her, without being able to say how or why. That there was something penitential in the outburst he had a pretty clear notion, though like young Mordaunt he felt puzzled how the need for such a sentiment could have arisen even in the most wisely breast. He understood, in short, more than he did at first, but he was a long way still from understanding that the mere fact of change brings with it to some minds a sense of treason: that the descent from a love that knows no flaw, to first unwilling criticism, and finally a woeful open-eyed vision, is a pain beside which any other pain is, to natures like Eleanor Cathers', a kind of gladness.

He had not many opportunities for ascertaining this or anything else just then, for they hardly ever met. Why he remained on he could not imagine, except that having stayed so long it

seemed ridiculous to go now. He *might* be wanted, he said to himself! His principal occupation was to wander along the shore, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Jan. That self-reliant small personage was a great resource, and helped to tide over many otherwise unendurable hours. Her reasonableness was really extraordinary, indeed if all children were like her the rights of the citizen might, it seemed to him, fairly date—as some theorists hold that it ought—from the mature age of five.

In the end, his stay at Viareggio was brought to a sudden close. One morning he received a message from Lady Eleanor asking him to go to their sitting-room with as little delay as possible. When he did so she silently put a telegram into his hands. It was very short, and worded like most of its species with maddening indefiniteness, but the upshot was sufficiently clear. Lady Mordaunt was ill; had been seized with a sudden attack; kind unspecified.

He looked up at her, and her eyes met his with a glance of despair. "What are we to do?" she said. "If only I could go—but it is impossible. Algernon could not be left for a day, and to get there and back one would require a week at least. What can it be? She was perfectly well when she wrote last. At least she seemed to be, but then she is so unselfish; she would be sure to put the best face on anything for fear of alarming me. Can it—do you think they can mean a stroke? That is what I fear most."

He shook his head. "It is difficult to say. It might be anything, judging by that thing!" touching the telegram with an indignant finger. "At any rate we shall have no peace till we know the truth. There is a train to Genoa at four, and I can catch the through mail to Paris. I would have gone before, only"—he left his sentence unfinished.

"Only that we—I kept you," she said self-reproachfully. "Yes, and it would have been such an enjoyment to her to have had you, and now, perhaps it is too—" She also did not finish her sentence.

"One is so horribly selfish," she went on after a minute, "sometimes one catches a glimpse of it, and it frightens one. One's own little troubles fill the whole horizon until nothing else seems to matter."

"I don't think your troubles are so particularly little," he answered.

"I have not been as good to her—to my grandmother—as I ought to have been," she went on unheeding. "We got astray in our sympathies once, and it has never been right between us since. And yet I love her—more than I can say. She has always stood to me as the type of all that is truest, best, strongest. *She* would never have done anything that she could reproach herself with."

"She loves you better than anything in the world, of that you may be sure," he answered quickly. "She has always done so."

"I know. I believe it. She is fond of you, too, fonder I think,—though it seems wrong to say so—than of my father. Yes, yes, you must go, there can be no question about it. Oh, if only I could!"

He lost no time, but started the same afternoon, arriving the following one at Paris, and the morning after that in London. There he went to the Helversdales' house to ask for the latest news, and heard that Lord Helversdale had gone down to Devonshire immediately upon receipt of the tidings. The intelligence made him feel slightly uncomfortable, though, obviously, he could have expected nothing else. His own relations with Lady Mordaunt had always been so close, even when they were, geographically speaking, far apart, that he found it difficult at times to realize that there was not in point of fact a drop of blood between them. Might not his hurrying to the spot at the first news of her illness seem to her son an intrusion, the more so as she would not be able, probably, to give expression to her own wishes. Happily, there was always, he reflected, his own little Colt's Head cottage at hand, whose neighbourhood gave a justification to his sudden appearance.

He was too anxious to go there in the first instance, so hired a fly at the station, and drove to Mordaunt, stopping the vehicle in the avenue and sending it on to Colt's Head with his luggage.

The door was opened to him by old Crockett, who almost burst into tears of joy at the sight of him.

The "Oh Major!" and the "How is she, Crockett?" came together.

"No worse, thank God! The women say better, but I don't go by *them*. My lord came two nights ago."

"Yes, I know."

He was stepping into the house as naturally as a son might have done, but at this intimation stopped and hesitated. If Lord Helversdale was there, what occasion was there for any one else? What claim had he to do more than inquire at the door like any other stranger?

But Crockett, who had expected him to go in, was not prepared to see him depart in this summary fashion.

"I'll let my lord know you're here, Major. He is only in her ladyship's sitting-room."

"No, better not," she said hastily. "I only called to inquire. I'll come back to-morrow. Don't disturb him."

He lingered, however, loath to turn his back.

"Do you know what the doctors think as to how the attack originated, Crockett?" he inquired.

"Well, sir, I *should* know, for I was there at the time and heard. It were a slight stroke, that's what the doctor said. A very slight stroke, mind you, in fact, except to yourself, which is as good as one of the family, I shouldn't let on as it were a stroke at all. Her ladyship, she were as usual of Tuesday, and on the Wednesday morning—that is last Wednesday—she were a coming down the stairs after breakfast, and I was a waiting for her at the bottom, when all of a sudden she says, 'Come here, Crockett'—just as quiet as I'm a speaking to you, sir, not a bit of screaming—her ladyship isn't that sort, not if it was ever so. So I run up as quick as I could, and she were standing and holding on by the banisters, which is a thing she never done when she was well. And, 'Crockett, take hold of my arm, says she, 'not that one, you stupid old man'—for I was a going to take her by the right hand. 'Here, this other'—just like that—sharp and natural, you know, Major. So I helps her down to the next flat, and by that time her own woman, Mrs. Mason, had come running from the top of the house, and she just sat in the chair I put for her, and trembled a little, and her mouth, I noticed, give a little twitch of the right side like this. And then, 'Send for Doctor Duckett,' says her ladyship, and after that not another word till the doctor come. But she has been talking the last two days, Mrs. Mason says, almost as well as ever. She seen my lord yesterday."

"Yes, I heard in London he had come down. I suppose there's nothing I can do, is there, Crockett?" the Colonel said wistfully, reluctant to leave though resolute not to go in.

"Well, sir, as to doing, I don't know. Doctor Duckett, he does be here every day, and most of the day too, very attentive he is I will say, though too young, in my humble opinion, for a doctor, at least for ladies like her ladyship. He have sent in a nurse from the institootion—convalescent hospital they call it, at Pinkerton—a starchy, high-churchy body with a white cap and a pinbefore, but a well-mannered young person enough. And then there's me," Crockett added with a sense that this said, everything was said that any one could possibly desire. "There's Mrs. Mason, too, and the other women servants in course," he went on in a tone suitable to the descent; "and now there's my lord."

"I see. Well I shall be at hand, Crockett. I shall be at Colt's Head for the present, so if there is any question of Lady Mordaunt's liking to see me you'll send over at once, won't you? I'll be here to-morrow, in any case. Good-day!"

He walked back slowly along the well-known track, once so familiar to his feet, now so long untrodden by them. It had altered wonderfully little. The trees in the park looked just as dilapidated, the stretches of bracken the same, or only a little larger. Outside the lodge gates, the small details of field and copse were unchanged. There were pale-green oats beginning to rise in the field edged with alders, which in his time had always been dedicated to potatoes. The hedges too were perhaps more closely pared than formerly, showing that the agricultural schoolmaster was abroad, even in this Ultima Thule of husbandry, but that was about all.

He had left the park, and had begun to mount the hill which led to his own abode when—almost before he was prepared for it—there burst upon him over the nearest headland a sudden sweep of Atlantic—grey, white-crested, illimitable. He caught his breath as if he had seen a ghost! All the old excitement, the old spontaneous thrill came back, as ghosts come back to their former homes. To him the vision meant more than to most people, even of those who love it best. Every hope, ambition, dream of his whole youth seemed entangled in that sweep of grey hollows and dancing summits. He had turned his back on them and given himself up to other work, but the old hankering was still alive and keen, keen as first love, not to be obliterated by any length of sober domesticity.

A little of that proprietary discomfort which to many an indifferently endowed landowner is the most familiar of mental



states, awoke when he reached the triangular bit of earth which called him lord, and saw its stone-bestrewn surface, thistle-grown grass, and dilapidated fences, signs and symptoms of a master's absence. It was not a very acute sensation, for the spot was too small and inherently desolate to admit of much proprietorial vanity, and therefore of its converse. The principal impression was a certain self-reproach as regards his uncle. It seemed a lack of respect to that worthy tar's memory to allow his bequest to get more dilapidated and sea-washed than was inevitable.

The smile, half derisive, half affectionate, of a man who has seen many lands and inhabited many houses rose to his lips as he entered the diminutive abode, and walked round its tiny rooms, with their ridiculous suggestiveness of being upon the water rather than dry land; a lightship, hooked to a rock, incapable of going to sea, yet with all the disabilities and inconveniences incident to a seafaring existence.

His former retainer, Phil Judd, had long gone the way of all flesh, however seasoned, and his place was imperfectly filled by a one-armed and wooden-faced pensioner, who, with his wife, had been put in to take care of the cottage, dust the furniture, and rub off the sea-rust, which accrued to every fragment of its ironwork. That this duty had been inefficiently performed was evident from the rusty, brine-saturated condition of everything touchable and smellable. The Colonel did not waste time in remonstrating, however. The pensioner was a stop-gap, and it is not in the nature of stop-gaps to be particularly efficient. He contented himself with escaping from his society as speedily as might be, after bolting down an impossible mutton-chop, halt cinders, half raw meat, prepared for him by the wife.

He spent the afternoon in wandering about his old haunts, first clambering down, with a boyish sense of adventure, the nearly perpendicular bit of cliff below the house, a familiar short cut, which had been a daily excitement in his own early days, and one which Elly Mordaunt too had delighted in. It was extraordinary how vividly present she was to him—as much so it seemed as though she were walking and breathing beside him—not Lady Eleanor, but little Elly Mordaunt at twelve years old—Elly, with her hair blown backward in a dense brown tangle—Elly, with big eyes fixed inquiringly, eagerly, disapprovingly upon his face—Elly, scrambling down break-neck places like a goat—Elly, with shoes and stockings off, paddling in the



sea! There were a hundred Ellys, each more vivid, more life-like, more forcibly present to his vision than that sad-faced woman Lady Eleanor Cathers, whom he had parted with at Viareggio three days before. Lady Mordaunt, too. The one idea of necessity called up the other. How good she had always been to him! how tender, helpful, motherly! He began to think that he had been a fool in turning away without making sure whether she might not have been willing to see him. What was Lord Helversdale that he should hesitate on his account? He would go again he resolved, and if she were willing to see him, see her he would, if twenty sons were in the way. He was actually starting the following morning when a messenger appeared on horseback. Lady Mordaunt had heard of his being in the neighbourhood, and was anxious to see him. He sent word that he would be with her without delay, and set out at once.

## CHAPTER V.

He was expected. Crockett had the door open before there was time for him to ring, and motioned him to enter, with the air of one receiving an ambassador whose credentials have been inspected and approved.

He had not been long in the sitting-room before the door opened, and Lady Mordaunt's maid, who, like Crockett, had been with her from time immemorial, entered and begged him to come upstairs. Her mistress was better, she said, but still very weak; the doctor particularly desired that she should not excite or overtire herself.

Lady Mordaunt was not in bed as he expected to find her, but lying upon a large chintz-covered sofa, drawn near enough to the window to enable her to look out at the park. Her face was in this direction when he came in, but she turned it to him instantly, the old kindly, whimsical, queenly face. She gave him her hand, the left one, the other, he noticed, being wrapped in a shawl.

"Well, John. So this is really John at last! It was necessary for me to die though in order to bring you, you heartless John," she said smiling.

"Don't say that. You are better?"

"Yes, I am better. I am back, that is to say a few inches. I shall slip over the edge before very long, but it will not be

to-day or to-morrow." She paused, and again glanced out of the window at the small leaves unfolding themselves upon an elm tree ; at the rooks flying low over the grass ; at the great clouds floating like white-sailed galleons to the west. The window was high enough to catch a glimpse of the sea, and it was towards it her eyes turned. A violet shadow was careering towards them, swallowing up the light before it. "A good old world, isn't it?" she said, as her eyes reverted to his. "One's imagination refuses to picture a much better one—outwardly, that is ; the inside mechanism might, I own, be improved. Now tell me about those you have left. And first about Eleanor's husband. He is really very ill this time, is he not?"

"Very," he answered gravely.

"Do they think he will die?"

"Yes, I am sure they do. Doctor Mulligan has not said so to me in so many words ; but I can see that he does not expect him ever really to rally."

She was silent, and her eyes wandered back to the window and the sea. Presently they fixed themselves afresh upon the visitor with a certain solemnity.

"So much the better, John," she said gravely.

He started slightly. The sentiment is always startling, the more so, perhaps, if you are aware that you echo it.

Lady Mordaunt went on without heeding : "That marriage turned out worse even than we anticipated," she said slowly. "And goodness knows, we were not too confident John, were we."

"No," he said gravely. Then—"Lady Eleanor has never uttered a syllable of complaint," he added.

Her grandmother smiled. "Did you suppose she would? She has never done so even to me. Facts, however, have spoken. Do you know that she was once within an ace of leaving him?" she added suddenly.

"No? When?" both words came in a breath.

"About a year ago. Things had been going from bad to worse ; he has absolutely no principles, or rather he has, for he makes a principle of having none. At last something came out.—The man is dying, you say, so there is no need to go over it, but it was a bad case, you may take my word for it. Even Helversdale, who is the last man to provide materials for gossip, said that it was beyond standing, that she must leave him. Everything was on the point of being arranged ; she was

staying with me in a little house I had taken in Brook Street when—"

"Well?" he asked breathlessly, for she paused.

"Well, it came to her ears, I don't know how, that he was worse than the doctors have given her to understand. That some crisis in his illness was imminent. She went off straight to Sir Jonah Bates, and insisted upon his telling her the truth. Apparently the truth was emphatic, for she at once gave up all idea of insisting upon a separation; flung self-respect, everything you like to mention, to the four winds of heaven; returned to him the same evening, and has devoted herself to him as you know ever since."

"And he received her. How?"

"Oh he received her with all amiability I have no doubt! He forgave her, and looked over her conduct! it was more convenient to do so. She is Lady Eleanor Cathers; she is an excellent nurse—really a scientific one.—She is the finest piece of property, beyond all question, he possesses. Further than that, he cares for her—quite as much as he cares for any one else in the world."

Another question was trembling upon John's lips.

"And she—do you know—do you think?"

"Does she care for him still, do you mean?"

"Yes."

She spread out her hand, back downwards, an old gesture of hers. "I wish I knew, I wish I could tell you. It is one of the impenetrable mysteries. Sometimes I think she does, and then again I say to myself no, it is duty, terror of self-reproach, anything else you like. She knows him at any rate; from the top of his head, even to the sole of his foot. There are no illusions. For the first two or three years it was one perpetual descent from illusion to illusion. My poor Elly! Do you know there is an expression at times in her face that frightens me. It is as if she had looked into an abyss, and seen something there that appalled her, a sort of scared look."

The door opened cautiously, and Mrs. Mason's anxious face appeared.

The Colonel took the hint and rose.

"I may come again, may I not?" he said.

"You may come when you like. Must you go?"

"I think I had better. I oughtn't to let you tire yourself, you know."

"Oh, as far as that goes you may put that out of your head. Talking to a friend is not what does me harm. If it had been I should never have been ill."

"Still I think I had better go."

He went, getting out of the house without seeing any one else. His nerves were tingling. He too felt as if he had been peering into an abyss! "What a fate! My God, what a fate!" he said to himself, as he strode through the park and over the ridge, taking the short cut which led along the shore. Why had it come to *her* of all people? The man might die—would die—but that even would not change it. Heaven itself could not enable her—not in a million of years—to cease to *have been* his wife. That fate, once hers, was hers for ever!

He sat up late that night in his grim little study. There was nothing to keep him up, which was perhaps the reason why he stayed. He was not sleepy, though it was past one o'clock. Lady Mordaunt's story haunted him incessantly. There was something new and electric in the situation, something which he had never perceived before. He felt like one whose eyes have been couched. There was even too much light now, it was dazzling! He got up from his chair and went to the window pushing it widely open. Then stood, his hands in his pockets, looking out over the silent sea.

The house was so minute, the surrounding expanse so vast, that it was like being in a cloud or a balloon—a mere speck amid the untravelled worlds of space. Every now and then came a faint sobbing throb, in which the boards under his feet seemed to partake, though the night was dead calm. A moon was getting up, but it did not as yet illuminate the monotone of grey, save where from time to time a steely glitter caught upon one of the low crestless curves, slipping off the edge again and becoming quickly quenched in the surrounding darkness. He could see the big tree-mallows—the nearest approach to a tree in the immediate neighbourhood—their palmated leaves spread like large black hands against the void, and further on a few bleached stalks rising in a crooked and attenuated procession upon the actual brink.

Whether it was due to something in the character of the night, or to the singular silence and isolation of the scene, little by little his restlessness increased until it became intolerable. He paced the room backwards and forwards, sat down and got up again, but could not get rid of it. All at once too there arose in his

mind a sense of struggle—he could not tell where—a cry—a plea for help—which seemed to thrill the air with its piteous appeal. He stood still; incredulous, angry, wrestling with the folly of the fancy. It increased, however, more and more, until it seemed to ring like brazen bells around him. It was a call for help, of that he felt sure, but a call from whom, from where? There was not a sail in sight, and, if there had been, who could want help upon such a night and on such a sea?

He flung the window further up, and leaning over the sill, listened to hear if there was any sound. But there was nothing. He went to the head of the staircase and listened again. He could hear the snoring of pensioner Smith and his wife, the only other inhabitants of the cottage. He went to the front door and looked out—nothing. The little house was as lonely in the moonlight as a cloud upon a mountain top. Then for a moment a thrill of terror passed through him; a vivid sense of the unknown, of the profound unimaginable mystery of things. He shook it off again, however, instantly. It was nonsense, pure unmitigated nonsense, he told himself. He had not eaten enough, for he was still shaky after his late illness, he would have a glass of brandy and go to bed. While so thinking, the impression had begun to fade, gradually dying, until it ceased, and in the stillness he could hear the small crinkling noise of the seaweeds lifted upon the shoulders of the tide, and sinking down to their former places again. He flung back his head and laughed with a sense of relief. Pooh! it was all a piece of nonsense and moonshine! He would not even bother about the brandy, but go to bed at once.

He had lit a candle, and was turning away with another laugh at himself, when, suddenly, without an instant's warning, it returned; the same vibrating thrill; the same sense of something or some one appealing to him; conjuring him to come to their aid. This time he did not even imagine that there was anything real in the summons. Whatever it was it centred in himself; he alone was the person appealed to. What it meant he knew not, but it seemed to him in his excitement as if the whole house, the whole world of sea and land, the very stars overhead were all cognisant of it, were all vibrating under its compelling emotion. A cry without words—at least without recognizable words—like a prayer heard in an unknown tongue, what *could* it mean? what was the sense or *rationale* of the thing? he asked himself, looking round with angry bewilderment.

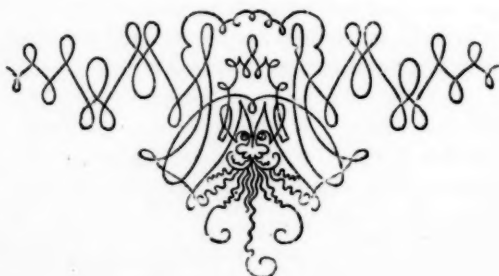


All at once a thought darted through his mind. Was it, could it be—*her*? Could such a thing be? Could one person in distress call to another across a whole continent, and could that other hear? All the verdicts of science, nay of common-sense, were sheer against it, and yet, and yet, and yet. . . .

The idea once started there was no escaping from it again. It exercised an instant dominion over his thoughts, turning them to the consideration of what new sources of trouble could be awaiting her. Rational or irrational, too, there was no question about obeying it. Whether Eleanor Cathers had really called to him, or whether, as was more likely, some possession had seized hold of his brain, he cared little. The doubt was enough. On the remotest possibility of her wanting him, he would go, were it to the world's end, were it to be smiled at for his folly when he arrived. He did not care; he would go.

He would not even see Lady Mordaunt before doing so, he resolved. Her acuteness would detect some new excitement at work; of what use then to disturb her, especially upon so groundless an impulse—one which he shrank from admitting even to himself. He sent a note accordingly the next morning telling her that he was obliged to leave Colt's Head sooner than he had expected, but would probably not be away long, in any case, would write in a few days' time, and that very afternoon he retraced his steps along the road he had so lately traversed; arriving in Genoa the morning of the second day, and starting almost immediately afterwards for Viareggio.

*(To be continued.)*



## Our Library List.



THINGS SEEN (2 vols. 21s. *Routledge*) is a well-executed English version of Victor Hugo's notes on events and persons encountered during his long and stirring life. The themes are chiefly sad or painful; crime, sickness, punishment and death. Many of the sketches throw vivid side-lights on contemporary history, some give the materials afterwards worked up in his romances. Though none are more than fragments, they abound in subtle strokes which reveal the hand of a great artist. 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon,' 'The Flight of Louis Philippe,' and 'The Death of Balzac,' will not easily be forgotten by their readers. In their blended slightness and sureness of touch, their vivid realism and masterly selection of essential details, they resemble a series of etchings by Rembrandt.

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HALF A CENTURY, by A. I. SHAND (1 vol. 12s. 6d. *Blackwood*) is an opportune republication, with additions, from the 'Saturday Review,' of essays dealing with the changes which have come over English life during the present reign. The growth of London, the fall of the squirearchy, the power of the press, and kindred topics are treated with admirable freshness and point. Mr. Shand does not commit himself to sweeping generalizations as to the comparative merits of the old order and the new, but contents himself, for the most part, with chronicling the respects in which the two differ. His book makes very pleasant reading, by no means without instruction.

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In the HIBBERT LECTURES OF 1887 (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Williams & Norgate*) Professor Sayce treats of the religion of the ancient Babylonians. His conclusions are in great measure hypothetical, being based on the fragmentary evidence of monumental inscriptions; but his skill succeeds in constructing a sufficiently coherent mosaic. He shows that the replacement of the Accadians by the Semites in Chaldæa began much earlier and was achieved more gradually than was formerly

supposed. Unlike the worship of Yahveh, the Babylonish cult preserved to the last its local character. The general reader will turn with most interest to the passages tracing the influence of the faith of the dwellers by the Euphrates on the Jews, and its points of resemblance to Hellenic mythology. The volume is provided with an excellent index.

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**PADDY AT HOME.** By BARON DE MANDAT-GRANCEY. (1 vol. 4s. *Chapman & Hall.*) Mr. Morton has written a good translation, on the whole, of this popular book. The Baron's descriptions of all he sees are as shrewd as they are kindly, and if he is occasionally hasty and not always accurate, he often hits the right nail on the head. As a Frenchman, he seems to have held the key to the hearts of the peasants, who talked freely to him while he was staying with landlords, so that he was able to get a vivid idea of the state of the country. There is not sufficient knowledge of the subject in the review of the Irish land question to make it of much weight, but it is treated in a lively way, and the comparisons with the French land system are interesting.

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**ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY.** By H. T. FINCK. (2 vols. 18s. *Macmillan.*) By this title Mr. Finck hopes that an epoch will be known when "the average man will have as refined a taste and as deep feelings as a few favoured individuals have at present." Love and Beauty must be thoroughly understood before this good time can come, and never were more quotations in prose and poetry, semi-scientific facts and quasi-imaginative ideas employed in a great cause. Beginning with the loves of the stars and the planets, Mr. Finck takes an exhaustive survey of the whole subject, and his suggestions for its cultivation are not the least interesting feature of the book. Conundrums, for instance, are recommended as a vehicle for delicate flattery. The chapter on kissing, "an art few understand," is a good sample of the ostentatious inanity of the whole work, which may amuse if it does not edify.

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In **AFTER PARADISE AND OTHER POEMS** (1 vol. 3s. 6d. *David Stott*) LORD LYTTON sings fluently of various high themes connected with Eden and our First Parents. We read how the substance of Eternity, hewn in twain by one dread stroke of the Archangelic sword, bled copiously and can never be put together again; and how hence arose Time Present, Poetry, Music, and Love. Legends follow of the Ideal, the Elephant, dead Lambs, Eve's Jewels, &c. The volume is completed by a collection of miscellaneous pieces, including some pretty descriptive bits, and a fragment which resembles 'Kubla Khan,' in so far as both poems were composed during sleep.

**CLAVERHOUSE.** By MOWBRAY MORRIS. (1 vol. 2s. 6d. *Longman*.) This is as spirited a piece of writing as an account of Claverhouse ought to be, and Mr. Lang could not have entrusted his last English Worthy to fitter hands. The narrative, which is admirably clear and terse, has evidently gained its vividness from the sympathetic interest of the writer in this picturesque period. The book opens with an excellent survey of the condition of Scotland when Claverhouse appeared upon the scene, and the quotations from his letters are well selected to increase the impression of his character. Mr. Morris respectfully but firmly contraverts Lord Macaulay's view of "bloody Claverse," and shows that it is possible Lord Macaulay would have modified his opinions if he had seen Claverhouse's letters to the Duke of Queensberry which have been since discovered.

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**MADAME'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.** By F. M. PEARD. (1 vol. 6s. *Hatchards*.) This would be a pathetic story if the characters made more impression. As it is, the sky, the shadows, and the surroundings in general have usurped the post of honour. The Riviera is tempting enough to write about, and Miss Peard certainly describes the country round Grasse very charmingly. But as Madame is a miser of the most sinister type, and her grand-daughter a passionate young woman who is made to awaken to consciousness only to sustain the ordeal of unrequited love, they should have been drawn with more force and reality.

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**MISS GASCOIGNE.** By MRS. RIDDELL. (1 vol. *Ward & Downey*.) Miss Gascoigne is a lady of thirty, rich and charming, but always unhappy, because of her loneliness. The arrival of a susceptible young man from Canada, the son of an old friend, whom she invites to live with her under the impression he is a mere lad, changes everything. Miss Gascoigne drinks the wine of life, only to go through a bad time over that insoluble question whether a woman ought to marry a man years younger than herself. It is all very slight; the characters are shadowy, and the transition from the youthful lover to the middle-aged admirer is somewhat abrupt; but there is a certain amount of charm in the description of Miss Gascoigne, and the writing throughout is bright and pleasant.

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**MY HUSBAND AND I, AND OTHER TALES,** by COUNT TOLSTOI (*Visetelly*), need no recommendation to readers of 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karénina.' In some respects Tolstoi's work shows to more advantage on a small canvas where there is no room to overcrowd the picture with detail. Of the present stories, the first two seem to us by far the best; the remainder are perhaps too intensely Russian to be fully appreciated by foreigners. The first tale tells of a husband and wife

whose passionate mutual love, after suffering eclipse, passes into tender friendship. The second recounts with hauntingly terrible realism the slow death by a torturing disease of a commonplace man of the world. Perhaps Tolstoi's chief charm lies in his power, possessed only by the greatest writers, of, as it were, suggesting the infinite. His readers never forget that human life is encompassed by vast and mysterious forces before which men play their petty parts—"Their noisy years but moments in the being of the eternal silence."

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HER SON. FROM THE GERMAN OF E. WERNER. By C. TYRRELL. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) This is a romantic story. The flaming sword of St. Michael quivers across the sky at every climax; the men have iron wills and the women haughty gestures, and they all talk in lofty language. The hero is disowned by his noble relations, who cannot forgive his mother for having married beneath her. After a miserable neglected youth, he becomes a distinguished officer, and proves to his implacable grandfather that he is the only worthy scion of his race. The proud Countess Hertha is also conquered by his invincible demeanour, resemblance to St. Michael, and a series of raging storms. There is no lack of movement or variety throughout the book, which is characterised by a vigorous and healthy tone.

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A VILLAGE TRAGEDY. By M. L. WOODS. (1 vol. 3s. 6d. *Bentley*.) It is not often we meet with such a remarkable story as this. The peaceful country surroundings, the indifferent villagers, and the young man and the girl who are the victims first of the cruelty of human nature, and then of the cruelty of fate, are described with extraordinary force and pathos. Mrs. Woods' writing is so intensely real, and creates such a vivid impression, that it is a pity she sometimes adds unnecessarily painful touches to the settled sadness of her picture. Moreover, in giving so sombre and unrelieved a view of human nature, she distorts and misrepresents the common life which she has unusual power to portray. There is so much beauty in the simplicity with which the story is told, and in the rare power of realizing sorrow which every line expresses, that one regrets there should be any jarring notes.

